

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Good English

THERE is no finer instrument than the English language, none capable of a greater range of perfect expression. It can be made sweet or vigorous, connotative or precise. It is entirely responsive to the mind that plays upon it. Grammar is the mechanics of this expressiveness and rhetoric its design. When made into treatises and applied like an automatic player to a baby grand, they can teach any literate person to patter correct English, with emphasis not misplaced and unity not violated and coherence enough to read by. Yet reviewers are always complaining that their victims are ungrammatical. What they too often mean is that the grammar, or more usually the rhetoric, is not according to arbitrary rule—infinities are split, prepositions slid to sentence ends, conjunctions open paragraphs. Many such rules were invented by nineteenth century purists who believed that language was no living organism but a machine that could be improved by logic and reformed by decree. The late Professor Lounsbury, battling almost alone against the pedants, proved that many a schoolmarm's rule was foreign to the history and the genius of the language, yet men who read their English Bible and their English Shakespeare, and know by heart the words of Lincoln, continue to repeat, as authoritative, restrictions invented by schoolmen whose minds could not flow with the tongue.

Good grammar according to undisputed usage, and rhetoric correct if not excellent, are as common as phonograph records, and much the same in nature. They can be hired at no more cost than a commercial stenographer, and for the same reason—the training that produces them is mechanical. Even the use of shall and will, of who and whom, and the subjunctive can be rammed into a thick skull by percussion methods in less time than it takes to teach cube root or a French irregular verb. Good grammar is cheap; a correct arrangement of words not costly.

But good writing is dear and an excellent use of this marvelous English is difficult. Grammar alone will never make English sweet upon the tongue, and when Chaucer wrote of Petrarch who filled all Italy with "rhetorike sweete" he did not mean the rhetoric which lets a sentence run but will never help it to mount. There must be that absolute precision in words which touches the wrong note never, and of the multitude of sounds chooses one and that the best. The approximately correct, and entirely colorless, English of so much modern writing reveals, on careful listening, too many blurred notes. It is clear but not lucid. The language has been made to yield not half of its expressiveness, and a cunning mind could annotate phrase after phrase with words that would subtly unlock the thought. Or the ideas may be sticky with adjectives that overqualify while the sentences jerk from worn metaphor to lazy simile. An ingenious story teller like O. Henry is such a sloven in words that his fame is already tainted by his own carelessness. He must live by his plots, not his style, and may gain that dubious immortality of the lesser Italians whose stories were borrowed by writers that could make them immortal. A great artist, Kipling, strains his noble language into eccentricity, and must lighten his ballast before he sets sail among the classics.

As for the rhythm which carries the thought into emotion as the rhythm of music supports the theme, and that happy disposition of words which lifts the idea, not huddled but ordered, into the mind of the reader, these graces belong in the com-

The Brown Word Home

By B. K. VAN SLYKE

ABOUT the brown word home
There is a thing unheard
Like eyes that fill with unshed
tears,

Throats that speak no word.

It lifts within its tone

Complete eternity

As does a flower all night long

Lift up a complete sea.

Who reads within its heart

Must dwell on life and death,

The dark and curious first slime

Whence we arose to breath.

It tells of more than God,

And hell is but a page;

Who has his home knows mystery,

His spirit's heritage.

I say the word and know

The ecstasy of pain;

It is the root, the stone, the star,

The elemental rain.

I say the word, and flesh

Burns with a fire of dream;

Primeval and inevitable,

Home, the flame, the stream.

A Note Upon An Artist

By L. M. HUSSEY

THERE now issues from the press the fourth volume of H. L. Mencken's "Prejudices,"* bristling with opinions like a porcupine. Armed from tip to toe with a glittering assemblage of burnished phrases, he tilts, in this book as in its predecessors, at numberless popular faiths and demolishes them. Or, in the eyes of his adherents at least, he leaves them sorely wounded at the conclusion of the fray.

The field over which Mencken now thrusts his lance is, as ever, of a varied topography. Indeed, the scope of his critical foray widens greatly since the initial "Prejudices." The early Mencken dealt largely with writers good and bad, but currently he forsakes the criticism of literature for the criticism of institutions. Of the seventeen essays in the present volume one alone deals with *belles lettres*.

In short, Mencken invites a wider audience and must inevitably provoke a more vehement discussion of his ideas. As in the past, but with a higher tide of emphasis, it seems that he will be judged afresh by his doctrines. Thus, in speaking at the outset of his ideas, I adhere to custom. So far, all the critical writing that concerns itself with the man makes a case for or against his opinions. Of these, critical consideration has dealt ceaselessly. And, continuing the tradition, both partisans and opponents will employ the newest of his "Prejudices" to estimate Mencken solely in the light of his ideas.

I find this habit of measuring him natural, understandable, and yet at the same time inadequate. It misses, I believe, any critical evocation of his fundamental and abiding qualities. It ignores or scants these qualities in favor of less important characteristics. As a virtuoso he is judged by his floriture, his trills and roulades and engaging glissandi, without mention of the legato, the singing-tone.

But as I have said, although deficient this critical approach is natural. The savor of Mencken's work invites it. In his habit as a writer he wears no very polite dress. Under his pen the most gentle opinion, perhaps some platitude of wide currency, acquires a heterodox, disreputable tincture. By a boisterous tactic he focuses attention upon ideas otherwise inoffensive, even negligible.

For example, the commonplace notion occurs to him that our so-called "society" of millionaire railroad magnates, meat-packers, and bankers pretends to an aristocratic superiority it does not in fact possess. Here, assuredly, there is nothing to astound. Right or wrong, we have at once a prejudice that is the comfort and stay of impecunious men everywhere. But observe how Mencken translates this rather worn opinion into words:

I need not set out at any length, I hope, the intellectual deficiencies of the plutocracy—its utter failure to show anything even remotely resembling the makings of an aristocracy. It is badly educated, it is stupid, it is full of low-caste superstitions and indignations, it is without decent traditions or informing vision; above all, it is extraordinarily lacking in the most elemental independence and courage. Out of this class comes the grotesque fashionable society of our big towns, already described. Imagine a horde of peasants incredibly enriched with almost infinite power thrust into their hands, and you will have a fair picture of its habitual state of mind. It shows all the stigmas of inferiority—moral certainty, cruelty, suspicion of ideas, fear.

Set in these words the commonplace opinion glitters afresh with a kind of poisonous charm. It becomes challenging. The reader seems to hear

*PREJUDICES. Fourth Series. By H. L. MENCKEN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. \$2.50.

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mon estimation to style, which is something esoteric and not to be practiced by plain men nor desired by the rough and ready. Style depends upon such graces of course, but so does good English, for without fitting order no language can serve to its capacity. The Middle Ages knew Latin words but could not make good prose of them because the sense of Roman rhythm and Roman order was lost.

And we who live in an unceasing storm of words until the eye cannot escape print or the ear sound, are in danger of mistaking vocabulary and syntax for good English. We are content if our writers are not ungrammatical, not obscure, not crude, not misleading—all the negative virtues; and a million pages fulfil these easy requirements, wherein the lonely story teller, the unsuspected columnist, or the obscure reporter who respects his language and can use it, has no distinction. A taste and a positive demand for English that is good, not good enough must be revived. There are writers left to satisfy it who have never bowed the knee to Baal.

something new, and he responds emotionally, either as partisan or opponent. His interest has been seduced, not by some doctrine of astounding novelty, but by a decoying arrangement of words. And he is stimulated to read further, to search for additional opinions, all of which present themselves in a similar dress of deceptive novelty.

This sense of novelty is sustained, in Mencken's writings, by a notable degree of the unexpected. That is to say, the sequence of the man's ideas does not fall into a groove easily predictable. For example, he may announce himself politically on the side of special privilege. Indeed, he has so declared himself more than once. He is emphatically no Bolshevik, no communist, and he advocates untrammelled free speech that socialists may talk themselves to death. But by the latter advocacy he has already jolted the reader into surprised attention. It is not customary for capitalist sympathizers to favor extended liberties. They are, by custom, all for suppressions, plausible but hypocritical limitations.

The reader continues and encounters a fresh jolt. If he happens to be a stalwart standpatter he begins to take alarm. He discovers that Mencken, the capitalist sympathizer, is poisonously scornful of those repressive measures summoned forth to subdue the arch-enemy, Bolshevism.

Mencken speaks of the "late pogrom against the so-called Reds." He declares that "the machinery brought to bear upon these feeble and scattered fanatics would have almost sufficed to repel an invasion by the united powers of Europe." And what, he inquires, was the theory behind the whole astounding crusade? "So far as it can be reduced to comprehensible terms," he says,

It was much less a theory than a fear—a shivering, idiotic, discreditable fear of a mere banshee—an overpowering, paralyzing dread that some extra-eloquent Red, permitted to emit his balderdash unwhipped, might eventually convert a couple of courageous men, and that the courageous men, filled with indignation against the plutocracy, might take to the high road, burn down a nail-factory or two, and slit the throat of some virtuous profiteer.

Thus Mencken, entering an orthodox redoubt, suddenly explodes a bomb of heterodox opinion. He confounds his own cause by setting off one of the duds of the opposition. His basic idea, of course, is familiar to liberals everywhere. He declares that the late hounding of a handful of political theorists was utterly silly and discreditable. But this, the common conviction of liberals, he restates in terms of a verbal pyrotechnic that confounds the unprepared reader and sets him agape. And he adds to the charm of surprise by making his declaration out of the mouth of a confessed orthodoxy.

The critical service that Van Wyck Brooks once performed for H. G. Wells might, sometime or other, be profitably done for Mencken. Brooks boiled down the ethical and sociological doctrine of the Wellsian writings to a compact body of opinion—the presumptive osmazome of Wells. A like compilation and reduction of the Menckenic teachings would, I am persuaded, reveal some startling juxtapositions. Liberal and conservative tenets would then be observed intermingled like so many warring cats and dogs. In short, the process of extracting the essence of Mencken would lead to no essential, dominating flavor.

What then, does Mencken believe? Is there no effective epigram with which to sum him up? So far as his ideas are concerned, I find none. I discover that he may even preach one thing today and affirm its opposite on the morrow. An instance is at hand from his presently issued Fourth "Prejudices." I refer to the chapter on Monogamy. Here Mencken argues that the normal woman wants, "not an infinitely brilliant husband, but an infinitely solid one, which is to say, one bound irretrievably by the chains of normalcy . . . It would give her a great deal of disquiet to see him develop into a Goethe or a Wagner." Again, in an early "Prejudices" he may be observed to declare similarly: "No sane woman would want to be the wife of such a man, say, as Nietzsche or Chopin." In other words, no sane woman desires as husband a first-rate man.

Is this Mencken's opinion? Yes, in the instances cited. But elsewhere, writing on the duel of sex again, he affirms a contrary viewpoint. In upholding the shrewdness and intelligence of women he asserts that a woman, permitted the choice of several males, will nearly always select the superior man from the group, the man of highest talents.

The two views are, of course, obvious contradictions. In short, Mencken, at different times and places, takes two opposed ideas, develops them both, plays with them both. This, if anything, is the essence of the man in his relation to ideas—a willingness to consider any notion that a civilized man might conceivably hold, and to make it the subject of a piece. If he contradicts himself it does not matter.

Certain *viva voce* confessions of the personal Mencken, the man in the flesh, appear to confirm this estimate of him. In one of my conversations with him I recall questioning him concerning one of his essays. "Why did you write that?" He laughed. Or rather he voiced one of his hoarse, idiosyncratic chuckles. "I wanted to stir up the animals," he replied.

I find this answer illuminating and significant. It reveals a man who takes a kind of boyish, rowdy delight in opinions, as if they were pieces in a game. This concept is also sustained by a study of his writings—although the peculiar energy of his style is misleading. One gathers a first impression that here is a writer almost punditically opinionated. But it is an impression that falls notably short of the truth. Mencken holds none of his ideas, however belligerently maintained, in any especial reverence. He has, of course, his fundamental prejudices. There are certain faiths to which he holds staunchly. Herein he demonstrates his essential humanity. But in general he worships at no altar of changeless doctrine. Any tenet, if it seems sane, and particularly if it evokes in his imagination a lively verbal embroidery, suits his purpose.

It suits, I say, his purpose. What is this purpose? It is one that seems obvious, clearly apparent, yet it has singularly eluded critical inquiry. In estimates based upon his ideas I have seen Mencken vigorously denounced by his detractors, and no less stressfully praised by those who esteem him. But he is praised or damned for his opinions. Nowhere is he considered, save incidentally, in his major aspect—as an artist.

Nevertheless, I am convinced that through his achievements as an artist any larger judgment must be passed upon him. To make phrases, to "stir up the animals" by the power of prodding words—this is his preoccupation, his aim above all other aims. He has his opinions, he is fertile in ideas, but before everything he is a writing man. And he succeeds so exceptionally that one loses momentary sight of the writing and is seduced by the immediate thesis. But it is a seduction contrived by a cunning sequence of periods.

The man himself, again Mencken in the flesh, does not suggest the artist. That is, he does not suggest that semblance romantically assumed for workers in the major arts. Consequently he misleads his intimates and those critics who have met and talked with him. He is without a trace of aesthetic posturing. His talk betrays no literary *clichés*. He speaks colloquially, sprinkles his remarks with vehement expletives, but gives to his conversation a distinctive savor. This proceeds less from the words he says than from the entertaining hoarseness of his voice, a perceptible stressing of the sibilants, and a sardonic elevation of coarse, blonde eyebrows.

His face, however, is in a measure revelatory of the inner man. It is the face of one who would be surprised at nothing; or rather, paradoxically, of one who is a little surprised at everything, whose zest for the spectacle of life holds him in perdurable enchantment.

This zest he carries to his workbench. He captures an idea and contemplates it. It need not be especially new or original. He will give it novelty by endowing it with a fresh habit of words. He will embroider it. Any idea suffices provided it is consonant with his prejudices and temperament. His zestful and realistic acceptance of life permits him to range through many fields. As I said before, the ideas he discovers on these excursions he holds in no particular reverence. He may, at another time, treat of their opposites.

I turn again to the book in hand, to an instance from the fourth volume of "Prejudices" to support my two major contentions—to wit, my contentions that Mencken's ideas are less important than his literary manner, and that this in its best examples, is contrived by the hand of an unquestionable artist.

In the eighth chapter of the present book he writes of the current spectacle provided by New York City. His central thesis is one that would receive the *nil obstat* of any evangelical pastor preaching against the iniquities of the modern Babylon from

the pulpit-platform of any rural church. In other words, he holds that contemporary New York engages in a lurid Dance of Death—*Totentanz*. So much for the idea.

But what of the writing? The writing, I sincerely believe, exhibits pages of descriptive prose of the very highest order. There is glitter, glamour, charm and precision. There is Huysmansesque detail. There is enthusiasm. By contrast such writing reduces the bulk of contemporary prose to the veriest pudding. A fragment will undoubtedly represent the whole unfairly, but I venture upon a quotation:

The result is a society founded upon the prodigious wealth of Monte Cristo, and upon the tastes of sailors home from a long voyage. At no time and place in modern times has harlotry reached so delicate and yet so effusive a development; it becomes, in one form or another, one of the leading industries of the town. New York, indeed, is the heaven of every variety of man with something useless and expensive to sell. There come the merchants with their bales of Persian prayer-rugs, or silk pajamas, of yellow girls, of strange jugs and carboys, of hand-painted oil-paintings, of old books, of gim-cracks and tinsel from all the four corners of the world, and there they find customers waiting in swarms, their check-books open and ready. What town in Christendom has ever supported so many houses of entertainment, so many mimes and mountebanks, so many sharpers and coney-catchers, so many bawds and pimps, so many hat-holders and door openers, so many miscellaneous servants to idleness and debauchery? The bootlegging industry takes on proportions that are almost unbelievable; there are thousands of New Yorkers, resident and transient, who pay more for alcohol every year than they pay for anything else save women. . . . It is astonishing that no Zola has arisen to describe this incomparable dance of death. . . . One must go back to the oriental capitals of antiquity to find anything even remotely resembling it.

Here, I say again, is almost Elizabethan vigor, a pungency of phrase that reminds one of old Ben Jonson, in one of his ornate dedications to a noble lord, denouncing the degeneracy of his times. As for the idea, it is, as previously hinted, nothing extraordinary. In fact Mencken's ideas are to him no more than raw materials, just as incidents are raw materials to the fictionist. He requires that they be sufficiently plausible, and he will develop them with a requisite degree of logic—but after all, he is not passionately concerned with proving any case. Rather it would be nearer the truth to say that he stands ready to prove anything. He has confidence in the phrase. It is the phrase that claims his substantial interest.

Have I said enough to indicate that there can be no just estimate of H. L. Mencken that does not consider him from the artist viewpoint? He has laid down no new social theory, no new political doctrine, no new groundwork of aesthetic jurisprudence. Indeed, like most artists, he shys away from tight, coherent systems. By believing ardently in any one comprehensive creed he would impose upon himself an artistic limitation. His concern is not with a faith, but with form, with compelling utterance.

And it is scarcely deniable that as an artist he has done unique and I think memorable work. Like all other writers he has written badly at times. In lack-lustre moments when the piece must be done but the true urge is not at hand I find him resorting to his stock of peculiar catch-phrases, his tricks of rowdy expression, that become savorless by repetition. But in general he holds his work to a high level of stylistic excellence.

Oscar Wilde once remarked that all literary schools are founded upon style. Extending this, I add the corollary that most literary imitation is founded upon style. When a writing man at last evolves a form of expression personal and new, its originality may often be measured by the number of imitations it summons forth.

Mencken has been imitated excessively. That is to say, his personal, peculiar tricks and *clichés* have been appropriated by admiring neophytes and men wanting in originality. But not his fundamental power to play with any idea and make it arresting. Nor his power to write a sentence in which each word is precisely adapted to the mood and sense.

These are his higher attributes. They are the authentic artist qualities. They should suffice to make a book like the fourth "Prejudices," as well as Mencken's other volumes, charming to any reader, no matter how emphatically opposed to the ideational content. After all, many of the ideas of which he treats have no more than a passing significance. They are the ephemera of this moment. But I think that Mencken, by virtue of his phrase, gives some of them an abiding interest. He will be read when his issues, his raw materials, are otherwise forgotten.

"Sard's" Odyssey

SARD HARKER. By JOHN MASEFIELD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. \$2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENET

WE are still impressed by the account of how Sard Harker won through swamp and quicksand and climbed the cold sierra. This is epic adventure carrying conviction by means of its vivid detail. Certain passages of "Sard Harker" would not, we believe, pale beside certain of the most exciting passages of Victor Hugo, though this may seem high praise.

Masefield dearly loves a hunt. Here he has a man hunted by a vision, a man baffled again and again by seemingly insuperable natural obstacles, a man who finally wins through everything to life in the sunlight and his idealized true-love, but not before his difficulties have brought the heart into the mouth a score of times. Of course, there is much fortuitous circumstance.

Masefield, as we say, loves a hunt, to see a mettled horse taking the jumps, or a foiled fox winning across the last heart-breaking barrier into escape. As obstacle after obstacle rose before Sard Harker in his effort to get to the coast, we kept thinking of "Reynard the Fox." With much the same ingenuity Masefield again and again brought the reader to the point where one thought "Now Sard has won through!" only to be confronted with the equivalent of an "earth" stopped with stones. This ingenuity is one of Masefield's minor gifts.

"Sard Harker" is a book that has steam behind it, and experience and observation. The end, the final spasm in the den of Sagrado is, however, simply Sax Rohmer material handled by a comparative master. The atmosphere reminds somewhat of the atmosphere of "Enslaved." The figure of Sagrado recalls certain black magical practises of Paris that the genius of Joris Karl Huysmans has made familiar. Yet we do not quite believe that these things exist or that Sagrado might exist. But then there was Gilles de Retz in the fifteenth century!

Sard is a little too much the clean, taunting, Christian gentleman at the end altogether to win us, in spite of his courage. But then it is also true that Shavian tolerance and rationalism at that particular juncture would have been quite ineffective against one that Sard, after all, properly characterized as a "dirty lunatic," whose intoxication was power, and who possessed the deadly logic of the insane.

There are such lunatics. All forms of lunacy exist in the world, from the mild to the powerful and dangerous. The latter is the stuff of horror stories and Masefield was out to write something to "make your hair curl." And yet the account of Sard's struggle against nature alone thrilled much more deeply. Masefield's description of Spanish-America seen through the eyes of a British sailor are impressive. The end partakes of the "shilling shocker." But the account of Harker's odyssey is, in passages, truly great writing. Masefield's style in narrative is admirably adapted to an odyssey.

"Sard Harker" is a boy's hero, a man of remarkable physique and extreme self-confidence. The story of his feats, though written for their elders, is essentially a boys' story, save that epithet and invective are reported realistically. The argument among the rum-runners Sard meets at Miguel's is, for instance, laudably natural. As for the description of Sard's ride across the desert on a truck through a sandstorm—one's impression of that remains indelible. Again the nest of brigands in the mountains is vividly pictured, and one's mind retains the portraits of the women who helped Sard along—of Juanita of the Bolson, of the old woman of the skulls (as of Pappa Peppy)—more particularly of the earlier Clara, "the woman of Miguel." Plot Masefield can manage, but his plots partake of the melodramatic. He does not possess the subtle psychological penetration that was Conrad's. It simply is not in him. But he does possess to a high degree the more reportorial gift of describing with distinction a series of swift-moving and exciting events, deeds of daring and heroism. He has an heroic manner of narration wholly his own.

Masefield sees human nature in sharp contrasts, in strong colors. He knows the springs of action of comparatively primitive natures, and his ear is extraordinarily retentive of the salty sharpness of rough common speech. He conveys the rule-o'-thumb phrases of the ordinary man-of-his-hands expressively and impressively. When he tried, years ago, to write psychological novels of intellectuals,

he failed. It is not his *forte*. He succeeded better with books for boys even when they were demonstrably hack-work. He knows the heart of the common man-of-his-hands—not of the too common business parasite of this era's industrial system, but better of that stratum of society where values are much less artificial, where the simpler terms upon which life is lived make for greater violence and more drama. His success in writing for boys has consisted in the fact that a boy's life is ordinarily lived on very simple terms in the colors of drama.

But what has not yet been referred to is the fact that John Masefield is, of course, a cracking good poet. If he were not that he could not have lifted the melodrama of "Sard Harker" into regions of great prose, as he has. The odyssey achieves magnitude as well as altitude. The garish plot brings it back to earth like ball-and-chain.

And so "Sard Harker" is set up on the shelf, with the struggle through the swamp, the adventure with the sting-ray, the ride across the desert, the passage through the mountains mentally marked for re-reading. The book is not great, but passages are great. The Kingsboroughs are pasteboard, but certain minor characters are extraordinarily real. As for the thrill of suspense, this story (if it was not so used) would have made a first rate magazine serial. As it is, the elements of the plot could be adapted to make a remarkable moving picture, if any moving picture company cared to locate on the actual terrain! And, in conclusion, a tribute should be paid to the painting Anton Otto Fischer has done which serves as a "jacket" for the American edition of the book. It is an unusually successful illustration, close to the story both in spirit and atmosphere.



LE CAPITAINE FRACASSE, BY ABRAHAM BOSSE.

From "A History of French Etching," by F. L. Leppnik (Dodd, Mead).

An Outstanding Novel

THE WHITE MONKEY. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

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LIKE its predecessors in "The Forsyte Saga," "The White Monkey" is an extraordinarily rich and varied novel. It is not a mere epilogue to the Saga; its interest is heightened by its relation to the earlier novels, but it is quite independent of them. First of all it is an interpretation of modern youth,—of the generation born about 1895-1900. The white monkey, represented in a Chinese painting which Soames Forsyte gives to his daughter, is a symbol at once ironic and sympathetic of the modern attitude toward life. The animal, holding the rind of a squeezed fruit in his paw, sits in a pensive pose with a tragic expression in his eyes. "He thinks there is something beyond, and he's sad or angry because he can't get at it." As Fleur says when Holly asks her what she and her friends feel about life: "Life! Oh! my, we know it's supposed to be a riddle, but we've given it up. We just want to have a good time because we don't believe anything can last. But I don't

think we know how to have it. We just fly on, and hope for it."

Mr. Galsworthy's report, however, does not indicate a belief that youth is going to the dogs. It is true that his young people appear skeptical of the value of everything except immediate pleasure; but the significant thing is that they are never satisfied with pleasure. They are always longing for something beyond, something more lasting and real, and they are not nearly so disillusioned as they think they are. Michael Mont, Fleur's husband, makes this discovery with surprise at himself.

Young and old—no real belief in anything! And yet—revolt sprang up in Michael, with a whirl, like a covey of partridges. It *did* matter that some person or some principle outside oneself should be more precious than oneself—it dashed well did! Sentiment, then, wasn't dead, nor faith, nor belief, which were the same things. They were only shedding shell, working through chrysalis, into—butterflies, perhaps.

Fleur, daughter of Soames Forsyte and his second wife, Annette, has no very lofty heritage of character. Married to Michael on the rebound of her unhappy love affair with her cousin, Jon, she is flattered and tempted by the passionate love of the young poet, Wilfrid Desert, and in her conscious mind sees no reason why she should not yield to him. But she does not; and in this difficult situation Wilfrid bears himself like a gentleman, and Michael like a wise man and (why should we hesitate to say it of a delightful and intensely modern person?) like a Christian. Mr. Galsworthy leaves Michael and Fleur with at least a fair prospect of making something not ignoble of their life together.

I have left little space to comment on some typically Galsworthian traits of the novel. There are admirable portraits of two old men, "Old Mont," Michael's father, and Soames Forsyte, who is at his best in these his latter years. There is the death of the old sportsman, George Forsyte; there is a great scene at a stockholders' meeting, where Soames proves that he is worthy to be the nephew of old Jolyon; there is the exceptionally appealing story of the Bickets, who are there partly for their own sakes and partly to remind us that the world is not made up of people with assured incomes and emancipated minds. In short, we may thankfully say, as Dryden did of Chaucer, "Here is God's plenty." We have no novelist who equals Mr. Galsworthy in depth of perspective, in the power to give us a sense of the limitless variety of life. Partly, perhaps, because he is not here dealing with an incarnation of beauty like Irene Heron, or with a "grand passion," his vision seems clearer and his insight into character surer in this story than in any of the earlier Forsyte books. I am not sure that it is not his finest novel.

Exposing Business

LOTTERY. By W. E. WOODWARD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. WOODWARD'S second novel, like a great many novels of this over-noveled age, is not only a novel but a moral pronouncement on our civilization. It is also, however, a metaphysical research; and even if the research is inconclusive it is the most valuable aspect of the book. For it deals with one of the most serious faults of the present society—the fact that a man with neither ability nor industry can become rich, and acquire with riches a social position and a voice that speaks with authority on all subjects. These men exist, their existence gives the enemies of capitalism perhaps their best talking-point, and they have never been satisfactorily explained. Mr. Woodward does not satisfactorily explain his J. J. Garrison, but at least he has collected a good deal of useful material, and he is probably on the right track when he seems to hold that the explanation is a matter of metaphysics rather than of economics.

First, however, for the moral pronouncement, which is of trivial weight in the bulk of the book but should have a useful effect on its sale. For Mr. Woodward seems to belong, rather vaguely, to the Left Wing, and that helps in an age when most Left-Wing critics regard literary criticism as a sort of party enrollment. If a novelist holds orthodoxly unorthodox views on politics and economics he is not only a good but a great novelist in the eyes of ninety per cent of the Left-Wing critics. (Con-

servative critics are compelled by their creed to judge a book on its merits, which doubtless accounts for the lack of influence of conservative criticism.) Mr. Woodward puts himself on record at several points in his book, notably in the declaration that "an economic society so wasteful, so paralytic in its movements, so permeated with false values, could not last a year if it were not for the immense productivity of labor." To a reviewer who has just been having some dealings with the building and decorating trades that sentence is one of the finest pieces of irony in American literature, but it ought to put "Lottery" over with the Left Wing.

This reviewer disagrees with Mr. Woodward's politics and economics but is in general harmony with his ontology and his repugnances. The author has made a large collection of specimens of business men who are well realized and pretty well understood in their relation to society at large; but this reviewer at least was unable to get his hero, J. J. Garrison. J. J. is the man who rides to success and everybody wonders how he does it. He is handsome, physically powerful and magnificently selfish, but stupid and lazy and without inherited wealth or social standing. How does he get away with it? We never find out.

The obstacle is metaphysical, not artistic. The incidents by which the Garrison Holdfast Button and its allied industries become great are ingeniously devised and quite plausible. A dozen great American industries have arisen substantially in that way. J. J. Garrison took what he thought was a virtually worthless patent in exchange for a \$250 debt. A good salesman out of work started his sales, a chance meeting with an advertising man lifted the business a stage higher, the gratuitous advertising of an enthusiastic friend who happened to be a salesman in another business gave it national standing, and the rest was largely a matter of going in debt so far that the creditors had to put up more money to save the business.

Mr. Woodward, one has heard, used to be a publicity man. He says harsh things enough about the "bunk peddlers" yet there seems to be a remnant of inextinguishable pride in the old business which leads him to give competent publicity a good deal of the credit for Garrison's success. This too is as things are. Also there is an utterly unimaginative and highly competent office-manager and treasurer who saves the business half a dozen times—but who, as the author realizes, would have been a drag on its great expansion with his insistence on morality, prudence, and plain arithmetic if he had not been overborne by the romantic visionaries.

We have lately had a good many exposures of the American business man as a lazy ignoramus who spends his days eating lunch and playing golf. There is some truth in the picture. There is also some truth outside of it, though one despairs of ever persuading the Left Wing that Truth is not one and indivisible. Naturally, more temperate persons have begun to ask how business gets along at all with such direction. The answer is found partly in such persons as this Treasurer Lester Muffin, whose worship of J. J. Garrison is quite accurately analyzed as that of the slave soul for its dream king—the sort of admiration Babe Leopold had for Dicky Loeb.

But the Lester Muffins do not explain all or even most of the magnificent constructive indolence of the Great American Executive. Mr. Woodward has omitted one item that accounts for a good deal. Business executives can spend their days playing golf and their evenings worrying about the surtax because about 75 per cent of American business is run by women secretaries at forty dollars a week. Here is the real explanation of the difference between the business man of 1850 and the business man of 1924. A revolt of these angels would be a greater disaster to American business than a nationwide earthquake. This is off the line of Mr. Woodward's story but might have been included in his metaphysical research.

But after all this history of the Garrison Holdfast Button does not explain J. J. Garrison. Who can explain him, or any businessman of his type? Henry Ford is presumably of a different type; presumably he actually contributed something to the Ford Motor Company. Presumably, no one knows. The half dozen autobiographies which Mr. Ford has had written for him by various hands do not solve the mystery. Nor does Mr. Woodward solve the

mystery of J. J. Garrison, though he carries it farther than most of his Left Wing friends would follow.

Garrison got rich out of the Holdfast Button yet he contributed nothing to it, in the ordinary sense. Was he then merely an exploiter who by the iniquitous accident of private ownership of the patent got away with most of the proceeds? Mr. Woodward doesn't seem to think so. Two or three explanations are cautiously suggested. Garrison's friends call it luck. But, says a character—a character, not the author—"There may be some curious, unknown law of nature behind what we call luck. . . . It's possible that a chimney falls on a particular man's head through the operation of a natural principle—some law of that man's being." This points to a rather rigid necessitarianism, but another character offers another explanation. J. J. Garrison became rich because he had "the receptive attitude."

Modern life is an economic chaos—abler men than Garrison make money for him. They don't make it for themselves because they don't understand the material value of disorder and they try to straighten things out. Garrison wants the money; that's all.

That is as far as we go but Mr. Woodward has assembled a good deal of useful evidence which some later synthesist may turn to good account.

As for the story in which this research is embodied, it is sometimes good and sometimes not. Lulu—Mrs. Garrison—is the most effective of the characters. The early part of the book is somehow unconvincing; the low-life *amour* which led to the unintended marriage of Lulu Bozeman and J. J. Garrison is plausible enough and so is the transition from Lulu Bozeman the sewing girl to Mrs. Garrison the capitalist's wife. But the J. J. Garrison of the earlier chapters and the J. J. Garrison of the latter part of the book don't seem to connect. There are some good patches of writing, notably Garrison's speech in the last chapter, and along with them much unnecessary comment on the cosmos which slows the story without corresponding advantage. The characters are real business men, soundly estimated, but as a rule they are portrayed editorially, not dramatically; the author tells us what this man was and what right-minded persons ought to think of him and then lets him go. All in all, "Lottery" seems to be the work of a thoughtful man who has observed widely and shrewdly, and has essayed to set forth his opinions in a novel before he has made much progress in the somewhat arduous craft of writing novels.

A Drama of Old Age

THE OLD LADIES. By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1924. \$2. Reviewed by ROBERT L. DUFFUS

Quite a number of years ago there was an old rickety building on the rock above Seatown in Polchester, and it was one of a number in an old grass-grown square known as Pontippy Square. In this house at one time or another lived three old ladies, Mrs. Amorest, Miss May Beringer, and Mrs. Agatha Payne. They were really old ladies, because at the times of these events Mrs. Amorest was seventy-one, Miss Beringer seventy-three and Mrs. Payne seventy. Mrs. Amorest and Mrs. Payne were wonderfully strong women for their age, but Miss Beringer felt her back a good deal.

TO quote this paragraph, which is the first in Mr. Walpole's latest and probably best novel, is to convey more than many pages of critical discussion. Mr. Walpole has achieved as great a precision and simplicity as almost any of his beloved Russians. Bit by bit, out of materials whose significance the reader does not at first suspect, he builds a tale of grinding tragedy, culminating in exquisite terror, such as certainly has not been excelled in modern English fiction.

The title is indicative of a subtle ironic touch never wholly absent in this tale, which might more accurately have been called "The Piece of Amber." "The Old Ladies" suggests to most of us, as it did to Mrs. Amorest's son, a scene "all set and cosy . . . with the curtains drawn and the kettles humming, and the cakes and bread and butter on the table, and the vicar telling you how good his last sermon was." But of this there is precious little. Mr. Walpole's old ladies did not swim in quite such tepid waters.

There are in reality two stories. The first is that of any old lady whom nobody wants. The tragedy of such an old lady is obvious.

No one cared about old ladies. They cared about old women of the other class. There were homes for them and clubs for them and societies, and people came and visited them, and brought them food and warm clothing.

The almshouses nowadays were comfortable and friendly, and all the old women gossiped over the fire. But old ladies were not supposed to go into almshouses; it was not thought that they needed them.

Old ladies, therefore, retired to such places as Mrs. Bloxam's lodging house: Mrs. Amorest, widow of the author of "Tintagel," "The Slandered Queen," and other poetic dramas—an old lady who quite unjustly considered herself neither interesting, amusing nor unusual; Agatha Payne, whom Mr. Payne had once addressed as his gypsy queen, but who now sat all day in a soiled red wrapper and dirty crimson shoes, and had no desires, except for food, and—but this was fatal in the end—for bright colors; and Miss Beringer, too ugly and awkward ever to have been courted by the opposite sex, with nothing pleasant to remember but her brief friendship with Jane Betts, and no possessions except a neurotic dog named Pip and the piece of red amber which Jane had given her. Mrs. Amorest wanted her cousin, Francis, to leave her some money, in order that she might find her son, from whom she had not heard for two years. May Beringer, whose abiding emotion was fear—of death, of loneliness, of poverty, of queer sounds—wanted repose from fear. And Agatha Payne, who is as vivid an old lady as has appeared in fiction for a generation or so, wanted May Beringer's red amber, which had become for her "the heart and center of all the color of the world." And so this terrible drama of old age comes finally to center upon the struggle between Mrs. Payne and Miss Beringer for the piece of amber.

But if Agatha Payne is the most extraordinary of the three old ladies it is upon Mrs. Amorest that Mr. Walpole has bestowed the most careful study. Surely an old lady of seventy who suspects that Tennyson was "perhaps a little too noble sometimes," or who is a bit ashamed because "she cannot keep her spirits down, as being a penniless lonely old widow she should"; is not really uninteresting or usual. And how subtly, by a phrase or two, does Mr. Walpole indicate and damn the egotism of the long departed Amorest, that pallid man of genius. With Mrs. Amorest he is unable to be remorselessly logical, though he allows Cousin Francis to cut her off with a silver match-box, after promising her a thousand pounds a year. But even a realist must concede that the world wags on, in spite of lusts after red amber and other things, and the resulting tragedies, and that sometimes old ladies' long-lost sons, having turned realtor and made a pile of money, actually do come home from California.

The Prefect of Genoa has refused to allow the first performance of Rosso di San Secondo's latest play, "Una Cosa di Carne" (A Thing of Flesh) on the ground of its immorality. It had been eagerly awaited, and its postponement has caused much criticism, as it is the first author's play to come into conflict with the censorship. It is hoped that the Prefects of other towns may prove less rigorous, and that before the autumn season closes the public may have an opportunity of pronouncing judgment on this enigmatic new work, which Rosso di San Secondo describes as a play or a *pochade*, according as the audience takes it.

By winning a suit against the producers of an authorized stage version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" Mrs. Burnett for the first time established the right of an author to control the dramatization of his work. In recognition of this feat the writers of England and America presented her with a diamond bracelet.

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Napoleon and His Times

THE DIPLOMACY OF NAPOLEON. By R. B. MOWAT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1924.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE, THE RISE OF THE EMPIRE. By WALTER GEER. New York: Brentano's. 1924. \$5.

NAPOLEON AND HIS COURT. By B. S. FORESTER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1924. \$3.50.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF ST. HELENA. Translated by WILLARD PARKER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE

Author of "Napoleon Bonaparte, a History"

THROUGHOUT the pagan literature of Greece and Rome there is a noticeable absence of all that we style romantic. Attention has lately been called with commanding emphasis to the fact that true greatness consists not alone in achievement but in the control of human emotions. "The joys and sorrows of men are what redound most to their honor. Christ was the real founder of a new and great kind of poetry both in art and in life." The words are Dean Inge's. Apropos of this the passage in one of the Gospels where Jesus three times repeats to the multitudes the question: What went ye out into the wilderness to see? exhibits the settled fact that like the curious commonality every writer finds in the treatment of his subject what his predisposition leads him to seek; the reed, the sybarite, the prophet, the man of violence, the anchorite or the friend of publicans and sinners. "But wisdom is justified of her children."

These considerations are suggested by a perusal of the volumes listed above, each of which was worth, in greater or less degree, the making and publishing. Two are by Americans, two by Englishmen. The fourth is a translation of the mysterious paper long known and long rejected by critical historians as a fraud. The story which the translator tells of the copy found in America is a wizard's tale. But when he declares that it is genuine for the very reason that Napoleon himself said it was not, we are not surprised to find that he is president of the Bacon society. His work is more than fair, though it is a pity that the proper names are spelled in an unusual manner. We trust the reader will note the remark of the author of the manuscript, whoever he was, put by him into Napoleon's mouth, that the emperor never contemplated the invasion of England from Boulogne: not that landing would be impossible, but that retreat was. The British have always regarded the scare they got as proof of Napoleon's real intentions and their recovery from it as an act of heroism.

The third of these volumes is an excellent piece of work. The author is a student and a writer of distinction. More than any of the others he knows beforehand what he goes out to see, forming on general information of an encyclopedic extent very definite preconceptions and then marshalling facts to support them. He is an admirable historical essayist of the modern type, who speculates on what might have been in every crisis if the line of action had been different: which is clever and interesting though not very instructive. His chapters on Napoleon's marshals are excellent and render a perusal of the book well worth while. The volume is a series of studies in personality and the title of "Napoleon and His Court" is adequate. Many readers will enjoy its account of what are the standing and subsequent fortunes of the men and families which composed the court of the First Empire. In a general way there is a paradoxical conflict between the picture of something solid and real as the Empire and its composition was, witness the author's account, and the reader's feeling which Mr. Forester cannot conceal that the rise and vicissitudes of the Napoleonic legend are an obsession with him. The present writer considers this to be a blemish.

The volume entitled "Napoleon and Josephine" is an entertaining narrative, based largely if not entirely on secondary sources. Its sub-title should be *The Rise and Fall of the Empire*, because with Josephine's divorce every joint of the imperial system was loosened, and the descent was certain. The

author is no novice as a maker of historical narratives, biographical, romantic and readable. In them is considerable historical research, as for example the elaborate and slightly tedious account of the Tascher family in this one. To Josephine he does full justice, neither hiding her weak self-indulgence, reprehensible even in the wretched days of the Directory, nor unduly emphasizing the most important services she rendered in the creation of a court for her husband. The portrait is not overdrawn in either its shades or its lights, though it is on the whole rather sketchy. The man, Napoleon, moves through the pages of the book as the first walking gentleman furnishing the "business" for the leading lady.

The first book on our list is in a class totally different from the other three. It is by a British scholar already well known to specialists by a "History of European Diplomacy from 1815 to 1914," to which in a sense this study is a preface. The military genius of Napoleon, while duly appreciated, is in Mr. Mowat's volume shown as ancillary to his extraordinary skill in diplomacy. The author is no enthusiastic eulogist, for he holds the scales of justice even between his own country and Napoleonic France with critical fairness. His treatment of what he feels to have been mistakes on one side or the other is both clear and calm. He is generous to the writers of great secondary source books, particularly Sorel, but he has also ransacked the archival sources; his foot notes are abundant and convincing. He shows the defensive character of all Napoleon's wars and proves his thesis by the diplomacy of the general, the magistrate, and the chief of state. To both the diplomacy and the wars of the republic he does full justice, and proves that the imperial career was a record of faithfulness to the legacy of the Convention regarding "natural frontiers." The year 1807 saw the desired frontier of Pyrenees, Alps and Rhine secured and guaranteed by what was styled a peace. The author is singularly fair regarding both the negotiations and the rupture of the peace of Amiens, though this reviewer is firmly convinced that the immediate impulse to the renewal of warfare was given by Great Britain. To her statesmen it was unthinkable and intolerable that the great inlet for her commerce with Central Europe, the tidal waters of Belgium and Holland, as we now call the lowlands of the North Sea, should be even partially controlled by a rival continental power. All the talk about Malta, Switzerland, the hither East, and French rearrangement of Europe was a sort of artificial dust storm to blind the public vision of reality.

A fairly careful perusal of this volume, the chapters notably, which deal with controversial points, finds the reviewer in substantial agreement with the author. He has, however, no doubt that it was Bonaparte's plan of an Italian campaign which led to his appointment by Carnot, and not Barras, to the chief command in Italy. He also feels certain that von Sybel's researches in the Vienna archives prove that orders were given directly from headquarters in that city for the attack on the French envoys at Rastatt which resulted in their murder. The origin of the shameful deed is not so mysterious as it once appeared. Nor do we feel that on the whole sufficient emphasis has been laid by Mr. Mowat on the disastrous effects of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy in fomenting internal disturbances only checked in a very feeble way by the Concordat. Napoleon's compulsion of the Pope as a temporal and spiritual potentate was not marked by his customary consideration in diplomacy. It is a matter of opinion whether or not in 1814 Napoleon could still have saved his empire with a restricted frontier: taking the author's judgment as a whole regarding on one hand the dynastic politics of the Continent and on the other British supremacy on the seas, he seems inconsistent in this opinion, and the weight of historical evidence is on the other side.

Every book of history sees the portion of cold literal fact known to the author of it athwart the writer's temperament. At this hour the western world of readers is aware of the sharp division between Whig and Tory historians in Europe. Struggle as they may to be dispassionate each class finds much of what its members went out into the wilderness to see. Nevertheless as the century has passed the investigations of the erudite have brought to light so much of reality that partisanship is modified substantially. The resemblances and contrasts be-

tween the Napoleonic wars and the world war of this generation will prove a fruitful source of study, military and philosophical, and there is already emerging a degree of wisdom from the critical comparison of the two. So much indeed that well-written, careful, wise, Napoleonic books find a considerable sale. The attitude of the post-war literature in this field is so sensibly changed from the pre-war positions held and defended, as to be almost revolutionary in its calm and serenity. In a way all these four volumes are the proof of this fact, and I have found particular solace in the perusal of the first. Engaged as the writer has been for many years with studies in the eighteenth century world which struggle to discover something of What and Why Napoleon, one of the eight or ten heroic figures of universal history, such a book is most helpful in revealing not only the truth about his diplomacy but the reactions between the man and his times.

Spaniards On the River Plate

THE CONQUEST OF THE RIVER PLATE. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. \$3.

Reviewed by EDWARD LUCAS WHITE

SOMEHOW this book seems less delectable than the author's earlier writings. Why, is not manifest. The style is lucid and makes reading easy. Certainly the story of the Spanish settlements on the Rio de la Plata is here told adequately and concisely, without obvious omissions or any tendency towards diffuseness. The sequence of events is followed, every important occurrence is narrated fully enough and without prolixity; the doings and characters of the leaders are set forth sufficiently and intelligibly; and each notable statement is well documented not merely by references but usually by footnote citation of the original Spanish which has been translated or transmuted into the text. Nowhere else, to the reviewer's knowledge, can be found so compact, readable and informing a presentation of the subject. As an epitome of the author's materials his work could hardly be bettered.

The book is, however, marred by minor defects. A very little careful rereading and judicious editing by the author himself might have greatly improved it and could have eliminated some irritating repetitions. In the prologue, for instance, we are three times told that conditions in the River Plate region differed greatly from those in other parts of Spanish America. Again and again something is explained in the text or in a footnote and yet later in another footnote or even in a third. So of "piloto mayor"; of Inga; of "Alto Peru" now Bolivia; of "El Provisor" meaning Vicar-General. There are needless repetitions in the text: as about Captain César's expedition; about the marriages of Irala's daughters, and elsewhere. On page 121 there is something, apparently not a little, omitted between the second and third paragraphs. The substance of paragraphs 1 and 2, page 169, is contradicted midway of page 176. As "Schmidel" is a dialectic diminutive of "Schmied" meaning smith, "Faber" is the obvious Latin translation of it and part of the footnote to page 7 is infelicitous. On page 55 "eight-footed horse" must stand for "four-toed horse."

Wherever we find an attempt to visualize a scene; wherever the author uses a "no doubt" or a "certainly," the effect is the reverse of successful. But no fault could be found with his digests or abstracts of his prolix sources. The familiar and appealing tales of Lucia de Hurtado, La Maldonada and La Bella Liropeya are well told. Yet the book lacks charm.

Perhaps no one could have lent charm to the exposition of the facts. The Spanish conquistadores were amazingly, even incredibly bold and brave. Not merely were they unsurpassably valiant against human adversaries in warfare, battle or combat of any kind, but their blend of daring and resolution, the unaffected, unconscious, matter-of-fact, everyday and all-day courage with which they faced peril of death from hunger and thirst, heat and cold, tempests and floods, wild beasts and fevers, in wastes and wildernesses, will always arouse the admiration of mankind as long as any read of their achievements. Their gallantry and self-reliance could not be overpraised. Some of their exploits are astounding: as, for instance, the crossing of unexplored South America from the River Plate to Peru and back by Captain César and the escape

on foot from Florida to Mexico in 1536 of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca.

But, on the other hand, they lamentably lacked the capacity for coöperation and subordination. Everywhere in the New World and so in the region of the Rio de la Plata, whenever a subordinate displayed marked individual ability his chief either had him murdered by a gang of braves, or summarily arrested him, and then either had him executed after a hasty mock-trial on a trumped-up charge, or kept him imprisoned without charge or trial, or sent him to Spain to be tried there. Associated commanders habitually hated each other and bickered or fell into strife. Few subordinates were loyal to their superiors, scores of them plotted against their commanders, and, in many cases, had them assassinated, headed or fomented mutinies, vilified them to the home government or otherwise attempted or compassed the ruin of the leaders they should have supported. This book is replete with such happenings and no literary skill can make the dreary record of jealousies, treacheries and cruelties agreeable reading. Only one who ignores the horrors and notices only the exploits could enjoy it.

A Modern Socratic

THE WORLD OF SOULS. By WINCENTY LUTOSLAWSKI. New York: The Dial Press. 1924. \$3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES A. BENNETT
Yale University

WINCENTY LUTOSLAWSKI is professor of philosophy at the University of Wilno, in Poland. He is known to English readers chiefly through his monumental work, "The Origin and Growth of Plato's Logic." The present volume has an interesting history. In 1897 the author wrote a book called "The Progress of Souls," a sort of confession of his philosophical convictions. William James supplied an enthusiastic preface for it. The work on Plato had already received universal commendation. Yet the manuscript found no publisher in England or America. In 1922 Lutoslawski published an article in *Mind* on his theory of sex. This attracted the attention of a firm of English publishers. The result of the correspondence was the volume under review. It consists of six out of ten chapters of the original work on "The Progress of Souls," with the addition of the article in *Mind* and the preface by James.

It is a truly remarkable performance. To begin with, Lutoslawski's beliefs which he here sets forth will seem strange and almost shocking to the orthodox and respectable parts of the philosophical world today. He believes in soul substance, in pre-existence, in telepathy, in romantic affinities between the sexes. He attributes souls to animals, to plants, to atoms. He has a fantastic theory of sex, in the working out of which he is led to ask such questions as

Am I a man because my pre-existent and immortal Self received from my parents a masculine body, or have I myself built a masculine body out of the matter furnished by my parents, because I am a masculine Self? And if I am a masculine Self, is this masculinity something that can never be changed, or only a passing phase of my spiritual existence?

That list is likely to alienate most students of philosophy whose training has engendered in them habits of caution and scepticism. Yet the really striking thing about this book is that it has just the opposite effect: it compels one to reconsider one's customary prejudices and inhibitions in these matters. You may not be convinced, for example, by what Lutoslawski has to say about the soul—its past and its destiny, but you cannot read him through without realizing that you have not given to these doctrines the honest consideration that they deserve.

The explanation of the book's power is not hard to discover. The author did not steep himself for ten years in the study of Plato and of the Platonic Socrates without taking some of the dye, and the same half-moral, half-religious earnestness which inspired Socrates glows behind his writing. Philosophy, for him, is not an intellectual game to be played by a few persons of superior culture: it is, as a great Greek tradition had it, one of the high roads to salvation. Lutoslawski's passionate belief in the saving power of the truth overcomes your initial hesitation and compels you to go with him.

Socratic, again, is his conception of the way in which truth is to be gained. Socrates did not try to teach or prove anything. He was concerned to show men where to look, to turn their eyes in the

direction of goodness or beauty, confident that the vision of them would do its own work on the soul. The dialectic had only a negative, subsidiary function. Lutoslawski follows him. Again and again he disclaims any intention of demonstrating truths, and flings down his certainties.

This great metaphysical discovery of the substantiality of the soul needs no other experience than logical training of the mind and has to be repeated now by everybody who intends to learn philosophy. It cannot be proved in the ordinary form of proof, for the same reason that nobody undertakes to prove that grass is green. It must be experienced in your own thought.

But he does not leave the matter there. By showing how he himself reached these intuitions, by setting before you in outline the record of his own intellectual pilgrimage, he hopes to make you reproduce in yourself his own experience, so that you may see what he sees, with the same assurance. "In order to convince you that your soul also is a substance I cannot argue objectively; I can only explain to you how I formed the conviction of my own soul's substantiality and the notion of indestructible substance." Like Socrates, he has tried to understand himself and to reveal the process to others.

In sum, then, the book may be described as a personal document, part philosophical meditation, part confession of faith. It is written in clear and simple language. It will appeal to all who value contact with an ardent and original mind and who are willing to leave their familiar philosophical moorings in order to get a taste of novel adventures in speculation.

Hawaiian Folk Lore

AT THE GATEWAYS OF THE DAY: TALES AND LEGENDS OF HAWAII. By PADRAIC COLUM. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1924.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

A NEW book of folk lore by Padraic Colum is always a promise of entertainment. What I have been wondering is, if I knew nothing of folk lore, other than its entertaining quality, would that promise, in this Hawaiian collection, seem adequately met.

One appreciates the effort of the Hawaiian Legend and Folk Lore Commission in their wish to preserve the Hawaiian tales in a form that could be used in their schools, and realizes that, as they began to look about for just the right person to accomplish their wish, that choice must inevitably have fallen on Padraic Colum. No one has done better work in the European field; quite possibly no one at the moment could have been found who would do better than Mr. Colum in the field of Polynesian legend, which is a pity.

Folk lore is the unpremeditated expression of a people of their spiritual and mystical relation to the land in which they live. The figures of legend are symbols of the mysterious Powers felt or encountered by a people in its childhood, the plots are items of their contacts with that particular environment. The shapes of such stories, their form and rhythm, are conditioned by the impact of that land upon the soul of the people. Therefore no one has ever been able to render any considerable body of folk lore into another medium, without violating the content of the legend mass, who has not participated in the deep life of the people among whom the legends are produced.

What makes Mr. Colum the most acceptable teller of Irish, and of older European folk tales, is his deep grounding in the background of the tales, his unconscious *rapprochement* with the inner life of the tellers of the tales.

In the efforts being constantly made to translate American Indian legends for modern American children, we are constantly made to realize that without this natural *rapprochement*, the spirit, the whole meaning of the myth may be missed even by the most sincere and scholarly redactor. Thus it happens, that with the exception of a few who have lived with Indians before writing about them, the only genuinely satisfactory version of Indian myths is the Uncle Remus version of the Bre'r Rabbit stories. Told as you will find them in the reports of the Bureau of Ethnology, the Cherokee originals of these delightful mirth provoking tales, are grim, mean and cruel. Actually to the Indians they are as whimsically amusing in content as Mr. Harris has made them, for as they came to Mr. Harris through another primitive medium of the Negro mind, this quality has been caught and fixed in a

form capable of carrying its literary full significance to the modern mind.

Unfortunately no such "stepping up" of the Hawaiian myths toward the modern level, intervened in Mr. Colum's behalf. He had to work as a scholar, translating, with the help of books and native linguists, directly into common school English. He found, naturally, much in these Polynesian myths, that would not carry over, even in symbolic form. But I cannot help feeling that he neglected much that could have been made to carry had he not made the initial mistake of adopting the European form.

Mr. Colum was not oblivious to the form, and especially to the dramatic, gesture method of relating a legend in Polynesia. It does not however occur to him that this is an indispensable key to the art of the story, which should have been accommodated in the retelling as far as words and sentences can reduplicate the language of the human personality. A more serious study of this item would have shown him that it is not only intimately related to the rhythm of the story, but that rhythm is the essential of the inner myth, the myth the primitive tried to express in his myth.

Two other characteristics of the Polynesian tale Mr. Colum admits, but admits only by way of discarding them, the poetic motion and structure, and recurrent rhythm of the native form, and the frequent, and spontaneously beautiful reference to natural beauty. Neither of these things belongs with the European form, and out they go. But surely, the chief object in teaching Hawaiian legends to Hawaiian children is to inculcate that fairy feeling, that intimate, subtle, whimsical sense of intimacy with the land out of which the higher patriotism springs. And a secondary object should be to encourage the development of instinctive native forms in which to express what the land inspires. For this reason, and not for any failure of competency in the field of what he knows, I can not feel that Mr. Colum's translation of the legend is, or deserves to be the final one.

The Ballad of Angel May

By RIVERS S. BROWNE and LEONARD BACON

IF you will listen, I'll say my say
About a lady. Her name was May.
And she was pretty and she was limber,
But the Marshal run her out of Big Timber,
And from what she said and done that day,
I reckon they called her Angel May.
Her hair was red and her eyes was blue.
But I wouldn't go with her if I was you.
And if I did, I wouldn't go far.
You take it from the Boss of the Circle-Bar.
With a broken arm he hit Blue Flat,
When May blew by in her Stetson hat,
Painted and powdered, and a sight to see,
And "Boss," she says, "Take a whirl with me."
And the Boss he says, "No, May my girl,
My arm is bruk, and I cannot whirl."
Which proves a fellow don't know his luck
Sometimes, even if his arm is bruk.
"Who's running your beef-herd now?" says May.
Says the Boss: "That piker is Frank McCrea.
His legs is putty. His head is bone.
But I got some trailhands from San Antone.
You come from somewhere down that way.
I think I heerd so, Angel May."
But May she answered in high disdain,
"You think so? Take a think again."
Now the Boss' arm was hurtin' him bad,
Or he'd 'a noticed why May was mad.
For the only boy in the world for May
Was that pie-faced loafer Frank McCrea.
And every one in the whole North West
Knew Frank was an ornery cattle-pest.
And I've hern tell that further South
The Greasers call him "Foot and Mouth."
He couldn't rope and he couldn't ride.
He hadn't the guts of a man inside.
He couldn't brand or cut or shoot,
But he drew an ace right smart from his boot.
Which don't prove nothing at all, becuz
Frank was a devil with women, he wuz.
They fell for him white and Cree and Sioux,
And Angel May she fell for him too.
And he was a regular song and dance.
And the sun it rose on the seat of his pants.
All her earnings, every cent,

The BOWLING GREEN

Cure of Souls

I SAT down one evening, in the smokeroom of the *Saxonia*, with a sandwich and a glass of toddy, to write a Bowling Green. How pleasant it would be (I thought) to begin with the address 47° N, 36° W. But steamship smokerooms aren't what they were in the first chapter of "Captains Courageous." (Did you ever wonder why the illustrator of that book drew a picture of an Atlantic liner steaming through a Grand Banks fog with all her flags up?) Just behind me a lady was talking about Henry James. In another corner a lady was winning a game of poker. On the thwartship settee more ladies, in shimmering gowns and long knee-crossed slopes of pale silk stocking, were listening partly to a garrulous gentleman who said he was writing a book about God and partly to another who was narrating how in Dayton, Ohio, the inscrutable brightness of Pelmanism shone round about him and strengthened him to put over a big proposition upon a group of important customers. "A man will be what he wills to be," he concluded.

Born eavesdropper, I was not strong enough to occlude these agreeable distractions. Besides I was merely jotting down, for my own pleasure, random attempts to define a work of art. "A work of art," I wrote, "is something composed in proportion; but which also reminds us of the uncomposable disproportion between the universe and the artist."—"A work of art" (I tried again) "is something which by the subtlety of its imperfection suggests the completeness we can never grasp." These absurdities, which gave me mild pleasure to consider, were probably the effect of reading Anatole France's delightful "Jardin d'Epicure": for I am rational enough, in my proper senses, to know that a work of art needs no definition. If M. France had been in the smokeroom (I reflected) he would hardly have been idling over a solitary notebook and a hot Scotch. He would have been talking to the dark girl over there—the only one in the room whose voice was inaudible and stockings invisible. Or would he have been pondering the notice warning one against professional gamblers? How delightful an advertisement, I used to think: tantamount to warning us against the whole human race.

* * *

But the restless indolence of the sea was upon me: even the bland, phosphorescent ironies of M. France were beginning to seem faintly sterile. I went to walk on deck: one of those long, vacant, hypnotic prowls that can only be taken, on shipboard, late at night. For during daytime there is a tacit agreement among passengers that no one must look at the sea. If you halt by the rail a moment to make friends with Space, someone is told off to Start a Conversation. Steamship companies, I believe, award promotion to their delightful pursers according to the number of social events—tennis tournaments, fancy dress parties, dances, concerts—arranged to avert people's minds from that embarrassing reality, the Sea. The only time I actually saw a latitude crossing a longitude, in a star-shaped bubble of foam, I was called away to consider the problem of what ought to be done about taking up a collection for the orchestra. On the modern liner there is a deck for every amusement except thinking.

The beauty of the old *Saxonia* was that she isn't modern. How glad I was we had resisted a friend's temptation to come home in the *Berengaria*. The first moment we climbed into *Saxonia's* bowels, from the Cherbourg tender, wandering darkly through store-rooms and holds and galleys and engine-rooms until we reached the white cabin-passages, I knew her for the honest old sweetheart she is, the kind of ship I used to cross in long ago, the kind of ship I understand. When I took my bath, next morning, I immediately resumed my boyhood habit of putting my head under water, to hear the engines more plainly. Perhaps not even McAndrew knew that trick for tallying the magnificent throb of those great cranks. And *Saxonia's* engines are worth listening to and worth seeing: no turbine oil-burning business, but the real hell-raising crashing rhythm of quadruple-expansion cylin-

ders, and an old fashioned stoke-hold next door—not manned by Gene O'Neill's symbolical apes but by calm and apparently cheerful fellows.

The night I speak of, I strolled aft and looked in through the brass-circled ports of the lounge, where dancing was going on. The chief had tossed care aside for the moment and was in his dress uniform, sidling about with sailorly gusto and ingeniously steering his partners against the swing of the ship. This was a brave sign; the night before, when she was dipping her nose into great green hills, kicking her bronze fins into thin water astern, the Chief's brow was dark. After years in turbines this was his first voyage in the old *Saxonia* and there was much to ponder. While you and I were topside, hanging onto something, enjoying the scream of the gale (that had passed through the regulation stages of *moderate, fresh, strong, into full*) and that thrilling fall and quivering shudder of a ship lifting her screws into mere lather, the Chief was in dungarees paddling the bilges, watching the governor that automatically shuts down steam when she races, even crawling under boilers to see that they sit solid on their stools. For the Man Responsible takes few people's say-so in a new job. That was the kind of night when the upper deck of the big fast ships would have been unpleasant. But a solid old leisurely slows down to 63 revolutions, puts her snout creamily into it, and you don't even need the fiddles on the saloon tables.

Anything that is greatly loved, as an old ship is loved, deserves study and deserves open homage. There is a type of passenger who has been spoiled, by large cabins and running water and private baths, for the *Saxonia* sort of thing. But there are still some of us who like to know that we are aboard a ship, not a damned hotel; to whom the plain old companionways are a joy and every creak of seasaw corridors a deep music. As you lie in your narrow berth—"It's narrow, narrow make your bed and learn to lie your lane"—you study the honest pattern of bolts along the white girders overhead; you astonish to find how that cradling movement completes the whole meaning and sensation of life. So consoling, so lulling, such a perfection of curved restfulness, the creaking ease of a slow ship that takes her own time among big water seems to abolish the mind altogether. "C'est un grand débarras," as M. France says.

The steamship companies, in their resolute desire to keep passengers amused, and in the immense complexity of their business, have somewhat forgotten the essentially metaphysical nature of sea-voyage. But the tradition lingers in an unexpected place—the purser's Routine Book. I am proud of having been allowed to study this great document from end to end: it lists everything that has to be done and thought of by the ship's business manager, and you will not wonder that pursers have to wear little rainbows of ribbon on their bosoms to keep up their courage. But the important thing is that in the Routine Book passengers are always referred to as "souls."

So, abandoning the irrelevancy of mind, it is as a soul you travel—in the eleven-day ships, at any rate. And you become aware of a greater soul too, that of the ship herself. Gazing entranced at the roaring flicker of her stout pistons, or privileged a moment to visit the bridge (not the glassed-in conservatory of the newer craft, but the old naked dog-trot, open from wing to wing), or palavering with the Lord of Below, you begin to realize how very dear to seafaring men themselves in this old vessel that has nearly run her course. Take it how you will, in the very shape and feel of her there is an honorable loveliness that the grander sort almost miss by their sheer splendor. For the greatest ships of today are so marvelous that neither man nor ocean can quite live up to them: but in the *Saxonia* type both sides of the problem meet and unite in gracious content. That is why I do not hesitate to honor her by name, for ships need praise as women do. They tell me that after her quarter century she will be withdrawn: that the shipbreakers are covetous of her stout mahogany and brass. But I keep thinking of Bill the Electrical Greaser, who has lived with her dynamos ever since she first went out, more than twenty-four years ago. Bill, who would certainly lose his way if he went topside (I don't suppose he ever saw her from above) has lived with women and ships, for twenty-four years. And when they take her off, what will Bill do then?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

On that low-life buckeroo she spent,
For all the lick that he could hold,
And that dirty loafer quit her cold.
And she hadn't seen him for nigh two years,
And here he was running the Boss's steers,
Eating overtime, riding slow,
Pushing the herd from Mexico.

Now Angel May didn't wait no more.

The lights was burning in the "Matador,"

Montana laying its aces down,

For half of Texas had come to town.

The drinks was flowing in that den of vice.

I ought to know. I got shot there twice.

And there was the trapper Two-Dot Jones,

Hitting the red-eye, rolling the bones.

She looks at the gang. "Two-Dot," says she,

"Come here, old timer, and talk with me.

Two-Dot, I know I done you dirt,

But you don't want May to come to no hurt.

Get me a horse, and get me away.

I must see that piker, Frank McCrea.

I know he's a half-breed. I ain't no star.

We hit the trail for the Circle-Bar.

Now I never heard no other report.

Two-Dot Jones was a game old sport.

Three days they rode. They hit the fourth

The trail of the beef-herd travelling North.

And through the shadow and the night a-falling

They heard the jingle of the bells calling,

Heard 'em jingle near and far,

The cavallarda of the Circle-Bar.

She fussed a lot, did Angel May,

Over that piker Frank McCrea.

She gave him the rough side of her tongue,

But you should have seed the whiskey she brung.

There was sure enough to drown the house.

And the whole damn' camp was one big souse.

And Frank McCrea got more 'n' his share,

Which he wouldn't have done, if the Boss was there.

But the Boss by that was a damn sick man

With a broken arm in Bozeman.

With his head in her lap, Frank's snoring hard.

It came to the change of the cattle-guard.

He never shifted, he never stirred.

In came Kid Angel from riding herd.

He looks at May, an' he says: "Good night!

There'll be some shooting soon as there's light.

Tomorrow it's me for the Rio Grand',

And Frank, I reckon for the Promised Land.

He's going to drink just one drink more

Before he starts for the Golden Shore."

And he put a bottle careful by,

For he wouldn't be mean and send him dry.

He rolled in his blanket. And Angel May

Held Frank's head in her lap till day.

Just before sun-up Coyote Joe

Blew in. Says May, "Has Frank a show?

"A chance," says Joe, "But I'm no liar,

Same as a snow-ball in Hell-fire.

The Kid can shoot a bug off a limb.

But Masterson has nothing on him."

And up the sun come, right on the nail,

And the boys is singing "The Chisholm Trail,"

And chewing his lip, and mad to let drive,

Kid Angel's playing with his forty-five.

And the liquor's burning in Frank McCrea.

And I never want to fight his way.

And she says to him: "McCrea, you're tight.

Pull yourself together. You got to fight."

An' he says, "Where?" An' she says: "Right here!

For this Kid Angel is my brother dear.

An' he says he'll get you too, by damn,

Because you made me what I am."

And Frank McCrea, he gets to his feet,

And his hands are shaking an' he's white as a sheet.

Kid Angel's looking mighty mean,

And he says, "You swine! I'll drill you clean."

Coyote Joe is bossing the show.

He's raised his hand and raring to go.

Frank's head is shaking, and the sweat it run

Down the face of that son-of-a-gun.

The Kid he whipped his gun up spry.

But Angel May heaved her hat in his eye.

He flinched an inch, and the shot went wild,

That May was sure a mischievous child.

And Frankie's bullet, straight and true,

Split the Kid's wish-bone right in two.

The Kid he dropped. And "May," says he,

"He's drilled me clean. The joke's on me.

He's the worst shot I ever saw.

But give my love to Paw and Maw.

Skin out before this show gets pinched.

I don't want no sister of mine to get lynched.

You skip away with Frank McCrea,

And damn you anyhow Angel May."

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Books of Special Interest

A Study of History

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY. By C. S. LEAVENWORTH. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1924. \$1.00.

Reviewed by FRED MORROW KLING
University of Nebraska.

MR. LEAVENWORTH has attempted to produce that ambitious thing, a philosophy of history. He believes that there is "a substance which underlies both the historical events of the past and also its repetitions in the moulding of the civilization of the present," and he is further convinced that if "we can once penetrate to the substance," we may be able "to get a body of working rules as a practical art by which it may be possible eventually to influence the progress of civilization to a certain extent." For this body of working rules he coins the word *cratics*, from the Greek word, *Kratos*. These rules are nowhere presented in systematic form, but encountered incidentally in chapters on "Substance of Historical Movements," "Six Thousand Years of Experience"—a very superficial survey of world-history—and "Our Age of Defence," an equally superficial treatment of the contemporary period. These "working rules" are little more than a series of platitudes, such as "the law of critical thought," "the law of religious sanction," "the law of education," "the law of stimulus after victory," "the law of the parsimony of nature and its corollary, the law of invasions," "the great laws of economy and free labor," "the law of the training of backward races" and "the law of coalitions."

Mr. Leavenworth speaks of history moving in cycles—an ancient and a modern—but he pictures it in a diagram as a series of mountain peaks, each higher than its predecessor, with a peak of the future, of indefinite height, indicated by a dotted line. He even ventures to devise "a formula of history, which will express the underlying continuity of the life of the human race." And what is this magic formula, this Newtonian law of the social development of humanity? "The Substance of a historical problem was to its Result in a past age as the same underlying Substance (but with many Variations and allowing also for the Unexpected) will be to a similar Solution in the present." O shades of Kant and Hegel!

Arctic Sketches

MY ESKIMO FRIENDS, "NANOOK OF THE NORTH." By ROBERT J. FLAHERTY, in collaboration with FRANCES HUBBARD FLAHERTY. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. \$5.

Reviewed by MORRIS LONGSTRETH
SINCE that night when I first saw the life story of the Eskimo in the pictures, "Nanook of the North" has been my standard of comparison for non-fiction movies; a representation not equalled since, for me, in simple beauty or thrilling actuality. I sat entranced while the igloo was built, while papa and mama Nanook retired with naked babies for bed-warmers, while the lady of the house chewed her husband's boots free of frost in the morning, while the children speared fish in the living water before our eyes. The great walrus hunt was breathlessly real, and the final scenes with the dog-train in a "drifter" brought home the Arctic. Later, I learned from Mr. Flaherty's friends in Port Arthur, that the film shown was the *third* taken, the results of his first trip North having been too crude, of the second having been destroyed by fire. The courage that could repeat, twice, a winter in Ungava increased my admiration. And now this book completes it.

"My Eskimo Friends" is a story in four parts. The first deals with Mr. Flaherty's discovery of a large group of islands lying

north of James Bay in Hudson Bay. These islands, shown as dots on the Admiralty charts, had escaped the notice of the fur company's ships for two centuries. An Eskimo dropped a hint to Mr. Flaherty; the rediscovery followed. Further, exploration of the Bay and of Ungava to the eastward comprise parts two and three, and the last quarter narrates the humorous and tragic experience of making the films.

Not since reading Rockwell Kent's "Wilderness" have I been so impressed with the artistic force of going light in literature, of seeing clearly and telling concisely, and leaving home the rest. On page after page of "My Eskimo Friends" the scene is driven before the eye by a phrase . . . "darkness crowded through the storm" . . . "the colorless long-sloped country" . . . "rime spiralling in the acid air" . . . "what wind there was, warm and soft, carried spring in its arms." To read is to be there. Curiosity would inquire what part Frances Hubbard Flaherty had in the writing, but the brain which could see the pictures doubtless could find the right word to put them on the page.

Then there is humor. And human interest. I have heard from the lips of the Canadian Mounted Police how good-natured are the Eskimo, and generous and persevering. And here is more verification. What is told of Eskimo life is so vivid and entertaining that one wishes there were more. Six maps, three color illustrations, six half-tones and nine beautiful photographic plates complete this book, a composite triumph for the publisher, for Revillon Frères who backed the last expedition, for the authors, and for the spirit of fidelity to his enterprise which pulled "Bob" Flaherty through.

The Soul of India

MY BROTHER'S FACE. By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1924. \$3.

Reviewed by HARRY E. DOUNCE

MR. MUKERJI'S book is a decidedly artistic and in purport a finely ingenuous attempt to reveal to Western liberalism the present state of native India's mind and soul—and especially the scope and potency and promise of the Gandhi movement, as the author becomes acquainted with it on returning to refresh his own soul after years in the West. Early in his inquiries into Gandhism he is profoundly impressed by it, but he does not, we are to gather, lose his detachment; while a most loyal Oriental and devoted Brahmin, he remains the intellectually dispassionate observer and interpreter; it is "my brother," a former sword for revolt now sheathed in non-cooperation, who is the exponent.

Had Mr. Mukerji kept strictly to his rôle or had he chosen to be more candid, he would have written a more persuasive book. As it is, the American reader may surmise from many indications that he is actually very much of a restive Nationalist with a tender race complex, that this sometimes conditions the veracity of persons more or less symbolic among those whom he reports, that it affects almost all his ideas about Western life and civilization, and that "making propaganda" is a large part of what he is doing. I see nothing reprehensible in his doing it for our benefit. My comment is on his *modus operandi*. Even a detached protagonist of the Gandhian spirit, to be impressive, should be spotless as to petty animus and fastidious as to truth.

There is pleasure to be taken in his prose and real enlightenment to be gained from him, with a new respect for Gandhism as viewed through its ideals. About the future of a possible Gandhian free state, I am not left more sanguine. I should like to read a criticism of "My Brother's Face" by an able native Moderate, and a representation of its author's type in action under stress by the author of "A Passage to India."

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R.F.D. No. 3

By Homer Croy author of
WEST OF THE WATER TOWER



MOST readers of "The Saturday Review" remember vividly the success last year of Homer Croy's "West of the Water Tower," a study of adolescent love written with exquisite tenderness and understanding. In "R. F. D. No. 3" he has chosen the same setting—Missouri—the rich countryside of stock and silos, flivvers and county fairs. It is the story of Josie Decker during the crucial year of her life, when she is surrounded by forces she does not understand—the same forces that have made the great love stories of the world. The interest and importance of this new novel of Mr. Croy's are indicated by the comments of critics, some of which we are printing below.

John Clair Minot
in the Boston Herald

"The author of 'West of the Water Tower' comes through again. It gives small town and rural Missouri its fitting place in the sun—though it might be Nebraska or Kansas or Iowa. That part of the country has fairly blossomed with novelists in recent years, but not one among them has so well interpreted its spirit, so photographically pictured its life, so nicely kept the balance of the humor and the tragedy that fill the experience of our common humanity, as Mr. Croy has in these two remarkable novels. The simplicity of Mr. Croy's style is very deceiving—its artlessness is really literary art of very high order. He has made his story, which is simple enough so far as the plot goes, something very vivid and poignant—something strangely saturated with the stuff of which the hearts of men and women are made."

The New Republic

"A robust piece of writing. His characters are sharply and vividly drawn; the girl Josie, her failure father, Higbee, the rough diamond, are persons it is hard to forget. It is truthful and competent, a credit to its author's desire to make an honest picture."

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Allan Nevins
in the New York Sun

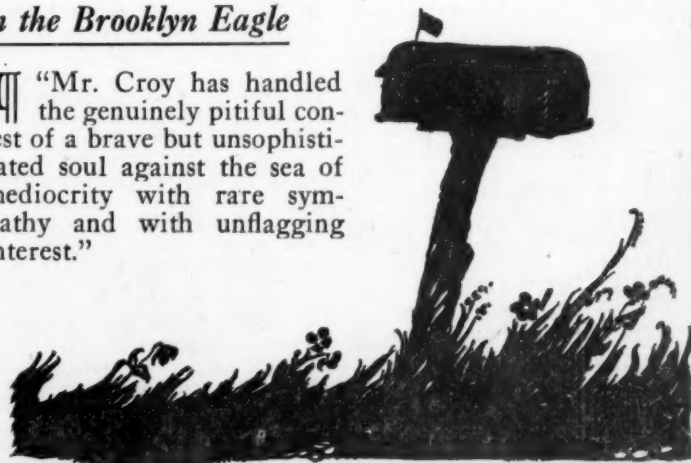
"It is a sufficient recommendation of Homer Croy's 'R. F. D. No. 3' to say that it is equal to his success of last year, 'West of the Water Tower.' The book is one of the ablest studies of middle Western life yet written and should be missed by no one interested in the really amazing series of novels produced by and on that section in the last half dozen years."

Sidney Williams
in the Philadelphia North American

"Finishing 'R. F. D. No. 3' one is impressed by the absolute honesty of this tragi-comedy rustic life. After 'West of the Water Tower' and this later story of life in the heart of northern Missouri's corn belt there is no intelligent denial of Homer Croy's unpretentious artistry. He goes straight to the marrow of character where other writers fuss over *mise en scene*."

John V. A. Weaver
in the Brooklyn Eagle

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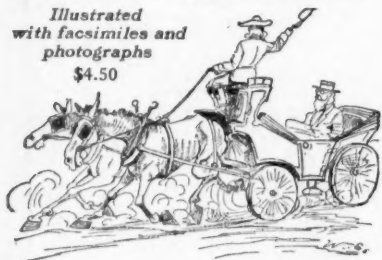
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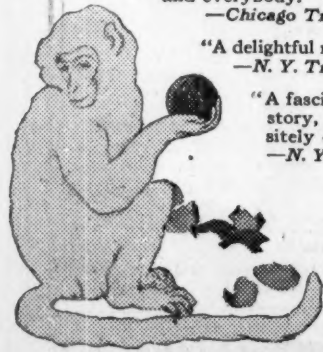
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Books of Special Interest

Post Office History

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES POST OFFICE TO THE YEAR 1829. By WESLEY EVERETT RICH. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1924. \$3.

Reviewed by STERLING DENHARD SPERO
Author of "The Labor Movement in a Government Industry"

LIKE the railroads, telephones, traction lines, grain elevators, and banks, the post office performs an indispensable public service. Yet, unlike these public service industries it is not a constant source of controversy or complaint, for it is operated by the state for the service of the people, and there are no profits or dividends to private owners to interfere with its public purpose.

The post office was first set up in the American colonies not to serve the general public but to facilitate the transmission of official correspondence. In this respect its history is like that of the posts of many other states including ancient Rome. The first attempt to operate the post office as a general service was in 1692, when a patent of the crown established it as the private monopoly of a court favorite named Neale. When the service, failing to yield an adequate revenue, bankrupted its proprietor, it was taken over by the crown and has been operated by public authority ever since. For years its conduct was unsatisfactory from every point of view, but a change for the better took place in 1753 when Benjamin Franklin was appointed postmaster general. Under his direction the service became both efficient and profitable. However, its successful operation was due not alone to Franklin's ability as an administrator, but also to the fact that his régime came at a time when the country had finally developed sufficiently to make regular and systematic postal service both possible and necessary. The Doctor served as postmaster general of the crown down almost to the break with Great Britain. He was reappointed to the post by the Continental Congress in 1775 and served under its authority during the first year of the Revolutionary War. The post office under Franklin's administration played no unimportant part as a bond between the various scattered communities. It is interesting to note that long before there was any union among the American colonies a common postal service was in operation—the first federal institution in this country.

Up to about 1820 the post office was looked upon as a revenue producing agency and was operated as a branch of the Treasury Department. In the years immediately following this date there came a rapid expansion of post roads with an accompanying increase in service. Revenue did not increase in proportion to expense. In 1825 the service became a full-fledged independent department, and while effort was always made to operate it on as nearly a self-sustaining basis as possible, income became a secondary consideration. This development brought up the question of a place in the cabinet for the postmaster general. That step was taken by President Jackson, but it seems that political considerations, especially a desire to manipulate the great patronage of the office, weighed at least as heavily with the executive as the public importance of the new department.

Dr. Rich's book stops with the year 1829, the beginning of Jackson's administration and the institution of the spoils system in all its glory. But Dr. Rich shows clearly that politics and spoils were not unknown to the service long before Jackson's day. With the first change of party control of the government, the inauguration of Jefferson, a large number of postmasters were removed for political reasons and party loyalty was made at least one of the tests of fitness for office. Even in colonial times politics played their part. Franklin began to lay his wires for the postmaster generalship, which some of his biographers say he accepted reluctantly, when his predecessor first showed signs of dying two years before he actually passed away.

No study of a government institution which serves the people in every corner of the land could fail to throw interesting side-lights on the politics and ways of life of the country. It is this aspect of Dr. Rich's work which makes his book of value to all students of the history of American life and doings as well as to the narrower specialist. The United States Post Office today is the largest single employer of labor

in the land. Its roster contains the names of federal civil service. Its budget exceeds that of the world's greatest cities. Its complex personnel problem is further complicated by such factors as politics and bureaucracy which other industries do not have to face. Dr. Rich had planned to complete his investigation of this vast enterprise, and would have, had the War spared his life.

Ancient Life

LIFE OF THE ANCIENTS. The Daily Life of the Greeks and Romans as illustrated in the Classical Collection. By HELEN MCCLEES. New York: Metropolitan Museum. 1924.

Reviewed by M. ROSTOVITZ

IT was a happy idea of the administration of the Metropolitan Museum to arrange an exhibition of Greek and Roman objects of art and industry which illustrate the daily life of the classical peoples, then to keep permanently this exhibition in a corner of one of the rooms of the Museum, and to publish a special guide to this selection of monuments. It is time that history and archaeology pay more attention to the psychology of an average man, woman and child of the classical period and study this psychology in using the little details of life as revealed to us by the excavations of the last fifty years. What we need are not the valuable handbooks of archaeology and private antiquities, useful as they are, or the excellent dictionaries and encyclopædias like Daremberg et Saglio, "Dictionnaire des Antiquités," and Pauly-Wissowa-Kroll, "Realencyclopædie," good help for all the students of classical antiquity, but we need bitterly an incorporation of the knowledge collected in these books into the current treatises and textbooks of ancient history, more attention paid to social and economic phenomena and to the psychology of the masses as expressed not only in religion, art, and literature, but also in the monuments which surrounded the man in his domestic life from his early childhood to his death.

It is, therefore, very important to have these monuments collected and classified, not only in the handbooks, special monographs, and dictionaries, but also in the Museums. A start was made by the British Museum with its splendid room devoted to the private life of the Greeks and Romans and the excellent guide which contains all the necessary explanations to the various monuments in the form of a *catalogue raisonné*. The second large Museum to do it was the Metropolitan. I wonder that Miss McClees does not mention in her introduction the achievement of the British Museum. It is not fair, as the idea certainly was suggested by the British Museum.

The selection of monuments is, of course, smaller in the Metropolitan Museum than the corresponding set in London. It is a beginning. The principles of selection are, however, the same. Religion, drama, houses and furniture, occupations of women, children and education, dress and toilet, amusements, dancing and music, arms and armor, athletics, races and riding, gladiators, trades and crafts, burial customs, all are illustrated by a careful selection of original monuments with a complete elimination of casts (the British Museum, by the way, makes a large use of them). The text follows the monuments and gives first and foremost a brief description of them in a pleasant style with short general introductions.

It is a good beginning and we hope that the corresponding collections will be gradually increased, and the new editions of the guide will bring more information on the various classes of objects. The desire might be expressed, however, that in future editions of the guide more attention should be paid to the historical evolution and the monuments should be classified not only according to their character but also to their date and to the place of their origin. Private life has its evolution and the features of it were so different in Cyprus and in Athens, in Asia Minor and in the Peloponnese, in the archaic, classical and hellenistic period. The same is true for Italy. Etruria, Samnium, Latium in the early period present quite different aspects and their monuments are so peculiar that they cannot be treated along with those of Italy of the late Republic and the early Empire, not to speak of the monuments of the various Roman provinces.

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Announcement

Beginning with this number the column which appears in this place will contain each week information concerning new books and authors, their present achievements and their plans for the future. It is the purpose of the House of Putnam to present its books upon their own merits, save in the case of a publication which has roused unusual enthusiasm.

One of the most fascinating books on the Autumn list is *THE SECRET OF THE COUP D'ETAT* which tells for the first time and in detail the plottings and counterplottings which preceded the political coup that placed the adventurer Napoleon upon the throne of France. The book is a collection of letters, discovered recently for the first time, which passed between Louis Na-



oleon, the shady Duc de Morny, M. de Flahault, his wife and many other conspirators. The letters provide a vivid reconstruction of the gaslit Fifties in France. It is a romantic and thrilling correspondence. The *Earl of Kerry* has edited these letters and Philip Guedalla has provided a brilliant foreword. In binding and format it is uniform with Mr. Guedalla's *THE SECOND EMPIRE* to which it makes an interesting addendum. \$3.50

Scarcely less interesting and even more timely is *THE WINDOWS OF WESTMINSTER* by A Gentleman with a Duster, the "anonymous" writer whose identity is now generally known. As the author of *PAINTED WINDOWS* and *THE MIRRORS OF DOWNING STREET*, he gave us clear and vivid pictures of certain political and social groups in liberal and war-time England. In this new book he dissects with (it must be admitted) a friendly pen, the leaders of the Tory Party which has just been placed in complete power in England. The author knows each one of them intimately. They are members of his race and own particular clan. \$2.50

The editor of *The London Spectator* is a gentleman (even an influence) known almost as well in America as in England. He is a regular contributor to such papers as *The New York Times*, *The Independent* and *The Forum*, and in the course of his rich and varied life has come to know most of the important living figures in the worlds of contemporary literature and politics. In *THE RIVER OF LIFE*, J. St. Loe Strachey has kept his memoirs of events, personalities and places day by day . . . a flowing record of thought, incident, philosophy and whimsy written with distinction and insight. To the sober, sophisticated reader we can recommend this book as one that will give great satisfaction. \$5.00

V. H. Friedlaender, whose novel *THE COLOUR OF YOUTH* has been

received so warmly, is the daughter of an English clergyman and was born in Jerusalem. She lives in the country near London and has a special love for children and flowers (which can easily be understood after reading her book). We offer it as one of the finest pieces of writing published this year. This is not publisher's talk. It is a much finer book than most of the best sellers. \$2.00



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PUTNAM'S

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

A WANDERER AMONG PICTURES. By E. V. LUCAS. Doran. \$5 net.

Belles Lettres

FRIENDS WITH LIFE. By ANNE C. E. ALLINSON. Harcourt, Brace. 1924. \$1.75.

This is a series of essays dealing with some of the problems of life and conduct facing members of what we are accustomed to call the young generation. While Mrs. Allinson, a former Dean of Women in the University of Wisconsin, would not pretend to have created a new philosophy of life, she succeeds in presenting her own sane idealism and well-balanced optimism with a charm and a freshness that add dignity and reality to old truths and traditional standards. The essay entitled "An Ideal Challenged" is a particularly able and convincing answer to much of the loose reasoning and untidy thought of the more blatant of our contemporary neo-pagans.

ITALIAN SILHOUETTES. By RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS. Knopf. 1924. \$2.50.

This book will serve excellently as an introduction to some of the outstanding writers of modern Italy. In a series of interestingly written and keenly appreciative essays, the author discusses the work of men and women of international as well as of merely local reputation—Carducci, Pascoli, Pirandello, Papini, Panzini, Annie Vivanti, and others. Miss Phelps's method is partly biographical and largely analytical; she tells us something of the life of each of the writers with whom she deals, indicates the effect of the writer's environment and experience upon his literary product, and describes that literary product with the warmth and the eagerness of one for whom her subject-matter is truly vital and alive. In her critical judgments she displays considerable insight and yet is not inclined to be too severe; she would have us rejoice in the merits of her favorites rather than take offense at their limitations; and her enthusiasm is likely to prove infectious. Particularly notable is the fact that the text is interspersed with numerous translations, evidently original with the author; and that these translations render the Italian poetry into English verse of exceptional competence and quality.

A SHORT SURVEY OF CZECH LITERATURE. By Professor F. CHUDOBA. 1924. \$2.25.

This is the first book published in English which gives a fairly good idea of the literary achievements of the Czechoslovaks. Its appearance is indeed a timely one. There is the Czechoslovak Republic making good progress in its political and economic consolidation; many may ask whether the new nation has also anything to its credit in the field of literature and the arts. Professor Chudoba, lecturer in the Czechoslovak language and literature at King's College, London, supplies the answer. In his book the reader will find that the literary achievements of the Czechoslovaks are not exactly negligible but, on the contrary, include many names which may fairly well be compared with the foremost writers of other European nations. Names like Jaroslav Vrchlický, whose literary bequest comprises 250 volumes, or Otakar Brezina, a poet of cosmic visions, or J. S. Machar, a classical representative of poetic realism, would do credit to nations whose literature may be much greater than that of the Czechs. The reader will also find that Czech literature is closely bound up with the political history of the Czech nation. From a purely artistic point of view this is perhaps its weak point. But in a nation long subjugated to a foreign yoke it can hardly be otherwise, for the soul of an oppressed nation must find its expression somewhere, and literature is the best means. In time this nationalist incubus will, of course, be shaken off—in the post-war literary production of Czechoslovakia there is indeed very little of it—and then Czech literature will probably rise to new heights.

Mr. Paul Selver, practically the only English translator of Czech verse, has supplemented the book with some illustrative translations which are fairly well selected, but, in our opinion, Mr. Selver made a better selection in his little book "Modern Czech Poetry." Together with these trans-

lations, the book forms a competent work worthy of attention of students of foreign literature.

ESSAYS. By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. Macmillan. \$2.50.

THE BACKGROUND OF GRAY'S ELEGY. By AMY LOUISE REED. Columbia University Press. \$2.50.

COMEDY AND CONSCIENCE AFTER THE RESTORATION. By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH. Columbia University Press. \$2.50.

REVERIES OF A FATHER. By JOHN CRAWLEY. Appleton. \$1.

WILL ROGERS' ILLITERATE DIGEST. By WILL ROGERS. A. & C. Boni. \$2 net.

Biography

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CLEOPATRA. By CLAUDE FÉRAL. Translated by M. E. POINDEXTER. Doubleday, Page. 1924. \$2.50 net.

This book, a very pleasing and readable translation from the French, is a reconstruction of the story of Cleopatra from her first contact with Julius Caesar to the final tragedy that followed Actium. The author refuses to be content with the rather meagre data of authentic history and appeals to imagination and to poetry and legend in his effort to give a finished and colorful picture. As he frankly admits his method in his preface he cannot with justice be accused of taking liberties with historical science and he has given the story all the movement and pathos of a novel. His view of the Emperor Augustus is strangely bitter and prejudiced and one feels that the wish has been father to the thought in his reading of history where the character of Augustus is concerned.

THE ROMANTIC RISE OF A GREAT AMERICAN. By RUSSELL H. CONWELL. Harpers. \$2.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By JOHN A. STEUART. Little, Brown. 2 vols. \$8 net.

LAFADIO HEARN'S AMERICAN DAYS. By EDWARD LAROCQUE TINKER. Dodd, Mead. \$5.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN STUART MILL. Columbia University Press. \$2.50.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE. By JAMES B. FORGAN. New York: Bankers Publishing Co.

AMERICA OF THE FIFTIES. By FREDRIKA BREMER. American-Scandinavian Foundation. \$2.

Drama

CONVERSATIONS ON CONTEMPORARY DRAMA. By CLAYTON HAMILTON. Macmillan. \$2.

THE FACE. By FRANCES GUIGNARD GIBBES. Brentano's.

HILDA. By FRANCES GUIGNARD GIBBES. Brentano's.

SEVEN ORIENTAL OPERETTAS. By LAURA E. RICHARDS. Boston: Baker.

GARDEN VARIETIES. By KENYON NICHOLSON. Appleton. \$2.

THE NEW YEAR'S CAROL. By JOHANNA SPYRI. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.

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THE LAMP AND THE BELL. By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. Appleton.

Fiction

VIENNESE MEDLEY. By EDITH O'SHAUGHNESSY. Heubsch. 1924. \$2.

This is a story of pathos. It describes the precarious state of a Viennese family in the topsyturvydom that accompanied the much yearned for armistice of November, 1918. Tante Ilde and her numerous nieces and nephews, typical inhabitants of the *Kaisersstadt*, are shown lifted high by the gusts of war, tossed about haphazardly for a time, and then cast down—somewhat dazed and helpless—in the midst of a famished and feckless populace. The story of their consequent plight and the manner in which they individually reacted to it

Continued on page 308

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The New Books Fiction

(Continued from preceding page)

forms the body of the book. Incidentally but not undesignedly the author makes emotionally vivid the beastlike scramble for food of the hungry Viennese, and the utter helplessness of the dire *bourgeoisie*.

Tante Ilde, the "Dresden china" widow-aunt, is the central figure. A genteel, shy, pale old lady, she was in possession of a comfortable income and led a monotonous and harmless existence, accentuated only by her interests in the children of her easy-going brother. Her income disappeared with the coming of peace, and she is compelled before long to pawn her treasured personal possessions and to become a burden—welcome, but a burden nevertheless—upon her nieces and nephews. The old lady visits each in turn. To each she brings a glowing harmony of the spirit, so that instead of taking she gives. And when she dies from a cold caught on their account she is mourned by them with sincere devotion.

The note of pathos humanizes and sentimentalizes the story. Nevertheless, Tante Ilde is to no small degree a creation of "Dresden china," and the other characters live only by grace of the reader's generosity. The reason is that a haze of compositeness dims their individual being. The author attempts to have each of them represent at once unique human beings and certain definite types. They are not only Otto and Leo and Mizzi and Fanny; they are also the smug and formal government employee and the grasping *schieberin* and the overgenerous courtesan. To this compositeness is also added the vice of idealization. The novel is weakened also by being "dated." Too much emphasis is laid upon post-war misery, so that the impression is gained that the story deals not so much with living people as with intense general suffering brought in the wake of peace.

Yet despite these flaws, "Viennese Medley" is no commonplace novel. Pathos does stimulate the reader's emotions, even if but temporarily. And the tender though slender style is in keeping with the story.

THE GRAND DUKE'S FINANCES. By FRANK HELLER. Crowell. 1924. \$2.

The essential difference between Frank Heller and the Mary Roberts Rinehart-George Barr McCutcheon school of romancers is that Heller admits that his stories are hokum. He has that tongue-in-the-cheek unctious which characterizes all delightful and amoral liars. Any wild adventure or absurd piece of sentiment is for him a matter to be recounted with the utmost gravity. His face is always straight. But there is the saving twinkle in his eye; the air of one who is perpetrating some superb hoax; the air which Mark Twain had when he described his heroism in saving a man's life by pulling him from a third story window with a rope. Surely Heller is a man to delight the soul of any cowboy.

Although the finances of the Grand Duke of Minorca are the central theme of the book, his amours, his escapades and his whims are dealt with at length. And then there is Mr. Collin; that man of mystery and wondrous ingenuity who shakes hands with fate and bids circumstances to do his bidding. Blood brother to Dupin and Sherlock Holmes (though on the other side of the fence of morality) he holds the threads of the story in his nonchalant hands. His is the shuttle's part in the dextrous weaving of this veil of romance.

The story is told in a crisp, rapid manner which manages to give setting, character, and plot development all at the same time. There is a good deal of picturesque and illuminating dialogue. Taken for what it is worth this is an excellent tale. The weary public can stand many such.

THE CHRONICLES OF A GREAT PRINCE. By MARGUERITE BRYANT and GEORGE H. MCANNALLY. Duffield. 1924. \$2.50.

This is the rather discursive story of a royal family reigning in the unmapped Balkan kingdom of Romanzia in the early part of the nineteenth century. The action begins when Henry Carfax, a young English tutor, is engaged to supervise the training of the refractory young prince Paul and his brother Raphael. Paul, it happens, is a youth of extraordinary ability and in particular of outstanding executive gifts; but his entire life and career is moulded by the influence of Carfax, and when his father's untimely death leaves him in complete authority at the early age of nineteen, he displays a precocious power of dealing

efficiently with the situation and in assuming a responsible control of the government. It is at the time of Paul's coronation that the real story opens; and, following this event, the authors lead us through a rapid round of romantic intrigues, courtships, marriages, duels, political machinations, and revolutions. The novel is somewhat loosely constructed; the atmosphere it creates is somewhat remote, and not very convincing; the total effect, as the title suggests, is of miscellaneous "chronicles" rather than of a consecutive narrative; yet many of the individual scenes are highly interesting, and are certain to hold the reader's unwavering attention.

POCONO SHOT. A Dog Story. By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE. Appleton. 1924. \$1.25.

This book was sent to us with a batch of juveniles, and after two readings we don't know whether that was by mistake or not. When we first came to the ten-page diatribe against neurotics "eyes staring and too bright. Hands pawing at the face. Gestures continuous and fluttering. The females strike you as bone-dry. The males are vaguely feminine," we began to wonder if a boy of twelve would be interested. When the plot began to hinge on a seduction we were afraid that the boy of thirteen might be too much interested. Yet there was no offensive word, none of that sordidness which occurs by the column in the newspapers; while what did strike the attention was the doctor's rugged decency, the illegal justice of the shooting, the brutality of misplaced femininity, the fineness of the dog himself. Here is a dog story in which the hero is not slobbered over, and which is artful propaganda for manliness that comes close to being fine art as well. The publishers have picked just the one wrong sentence to quote apart from its context on the jacket. Despite that, the story is not sentimental, and its style of telling is as clear and rushing as the trout stream pictured by it. Whether supreme skill would allow the end to be foreseen is a small question here. The vitality of the tale is unquestionable. It is enough to lift a man out into the open whatever his excuse may have been. Yes, we should risk putting "Pocono Shot" into the hands of any fictional boy. It is a pity that it cannot be forced into the hands of the unaided "aesthetes, modernists, intelligentzia and what not" at whom Mr. Foote has sped his uncritical but health-plumed shaft.

THE RAINBOW. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Seltzer. \$2.50.

THE LAND OF YOUTH. By JAMES STEPHENS. Macmillan. \$2.50.

MATILDA. By SOPHIA CLEUGH. Macmillan. \$2.50.

THE DRAM SHOP. By EMILE ZOLA. Translated by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. A. & C. Boni. \$2 net.

SAINT ANTHONY AND OTHER STORIES. By GUY DE MAUPASSANT. Translated by LAFCADIO HEARN. A. & C. Boni. \$2 net.

FIRE TALES. By EMILE VERHAEREN. A. & C. Boni. \$2 net.

THE ASPERN PAPERS. By HENRY JAMES. A. & C. Boni. \$1.50.

THE TURN OF THE SCREW. By HENRY JAMES. A. & C. Boni. \$1.50.

LA ROUX. By JOHNSTON ABBOTT. Macmillan. \$2.25.

TWENTY-THREE STORIES BY TWENTY-THREE AUTHORS. Edited by C. A. DAWSON SCOTT and ERNEST RHYS. Appleton. \$2.50.

JOHN PEREGRINE'S WIFE. By M. MORGAN GIBBON. Doubleday. Page. \$2.

MEMOIRS OF A DONKEY. By COUNTESS DE SEGUR. Macmillan. \$1.

THE COASTS OF ILLUSION. By CLARK B. FIRESTONE. Harpers. \$4.

ISVOR. By PRINCESS BIBESCO. Stokes. \$3.

A WHITE STONE. By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL. Appleton. \$2.

THE LAW OF THE THRESHOLD. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL. Macmillan. \$2.25.

BLACK CAMEOS. By R. EMMET KENNEDY. A. & C. Boni. \$2.50 net.

SELECTED WORKS. By ARTEMUS WARD. A. & C. Boni. \$2.

WINDOWS FACING WEST. By VIRGINIA MACFADYEN. A. & C. Boni. \$2 net.

International

THE WINDOWS OF WESTMINSTER. By A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER. Putnam's. 1924.

With a brilliance that stands out in contrast to the superficial efforts of Philip Guedalla, the author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," sketches such distinctive Conservative personalities as Premier Stanley Baldwin, the Duke of Northumberland, Sir Robert Horne, the Chamberlain brothers, E. F. L. Wood, Sir Douglas Hogg, Sir Will-

(Continued on page 312)

Speaking of Books

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Foreign Literature

A New Hauptmann Novel

DER INSEL DER GROSSEN NUTTER, ODER DAS WUNDER VON ILE DES DAMES. By GERHART HAUPTMANN. Berlin: S. Fischer.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

IN his latest phase Gerhart Hauptmann seems to have developed to its fullest extent that mystical-erotic pagan philosophy which has been latent in his work ever since "Griechischer Frühling," perhaps before. His last play, "Die Opferung," had a superficial resemblance to "The Tempest," but its philosophical basis was a belief in the omnipotence of Eros which was as intense and involved as almost to defy comprehension. His latest novel but one, "Der Ketzer von Soana"—now well-known in an English version published a year or so ago—was perfectly comprehensible, but dealt with a kindred theme—the all-compelling power of fleshly love, the victim of Eros in this case being a priest, a strange, pathetic figure set against a wonderfully-described background of natural beauty and luxuriance. And now, in his most recent novel, Hauptmann—although giving the theme totally different treatment, as will be seen in a moment—has chosen the same motive, fleshly love heightened to a mystical experience.

The scene of the story is an island belonging to the "Utopian Archipelago." Here, after a shipwreck, a number of women—with no male among them save the youth Phaon—land, and, despairing of attracting a passing ship, set up a state. The various types of women in the community, Ami, the elderly authoress, Miss Laurence Hobbems, the beautiful Anglo-Dutch lady, Babette, who had dabbled in Theosophy, and half a score more, are portrayed by Hauptmann with remarkable individuality and skill. The basis of their state was scarcely laid before they were confronted with the astonishing phenomenon of the birth of a baby-boy, the mother being the Theosophist-lady. Her explanation of the event is mystical; she attributes it to a serpent-god, and the foundation of a regular mythology is thus laid. One by one most of the other women bear children, to whom the same paternity is imputed. The women's state, a real matriarchy, grows and prospers. But as the children grow older a prejudice begins to grow against the boys, and they are banished to a remote part of the island, under Phaon's care. The increase of population in the "Des Dames" thereupon comes to an end and the conclusion shows us Phaon setting out to sea with one of the young girls he has chosen for his mate.

The rather gross and ironical deductions to be made from the story are scarcely suggested by the novelist. There is certainly at times an undertone of satire Hauptmann entirely omitted from "Die Opferung" and in the story of the "Heretic of Soana." But, having just breathed, it is no more than that, a suggestion of satire, he at once returns to the story and develops it as a piece of serious mythology in the Hindu style. Certainly he never allows his shipwrecked ladies to appear sceptical and if, in his contrast between their state-organization and that of the young men under Phaon, he permits himself a little smile at extreme feminist ideas, it is so fleeting that we scarcely notice it. As a skilful mingling of characterization, mystical philosophy and delicately suggested satire the whole story reads like the writing of a Germanized Anatole France. It is a combination of qualities Hauptmann has rarely shown before.

Foreign Notes

CARDINAL DE RETZ, that contradictory personality of French history who has already figured in the novels of Dumas and Vigny, is the hero of a powerful romance just published in France by J. Schlumberger (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française). "Le Lion devenu Vieux," as the book is entitled, develops the interesting psychological problem presented by the life of the Cardinal whose dissolute youth, tempestuous public career, and shameful means of acquiring his ecclesiastical position stand out in sharp opposition to the devotion he inspired, and to the piety and austerity of the final years of his life. M. Schlumberger has furnished his novel with a painstakingly elaborate background, convincing in its historical detail, and has skillfully concentrated interest on his central figure.

A volume that should be of large interest to students of Russian literature is

Frantisek Kubka's "Basnici Revolucionni Ruska" (The Poets of Revolutionary Russia. Prague: Aventinum), a work which presents the first comprehensive survey of contemporary Russian poetical developments. The author expressly disclaims in the introduction to his work any concern with political tenets, and states that his estimates and analysis are made purely on artistic grounds. He does, however, in concluding his discussion, draw a comparison between the development of contemporary Russian poetry and recent political events. His book is provided with useful bibliographical notes, and contains many illustrative selections.

Otto Flake's "Ruland" (Berlin: Fischer) is interesting not only as a novel but as an interpretation of the mind and outlook of a youthful Alsatian in the years immediately preceding the war. Laid in Metz, with a hero who is first introduced as a student at the University of Strasbourg, it culminates at the time of the famous, or infamous, Zabern affair. An incidental discussion of matters, political and social, it perhaps overstates the philosophi-

cal for the general reader of fiction, but it is nevertheless an interesting book.

Under the pathetic title, "Verlorenes Paradies," Emil Löbl presents a series of sketches of the Vienna that was but is no more since the war. His essays furnish impressions of Viennese life as it was lived among the students and in the districts in which people foregathered for week-ends, and contain portrayals both by word and pencil of street scenes, more especially in the Vienna of the eighties and nineties of the last century.

Karl Alexander von Müller's "Der Altäre Pitt" (Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt) is a life of Chatham that even in the comparison which it inevitably challenges with the noted English biographies of its subject well holds its own. It is a clear, illuminating, and vigorous study, and constitutes a valuable contribution to the literature on the British statesman.

Fredrik Böök's biography of Artur Hazelius (Stockholm: Norstedt & Söner) is interesting not alone as the record of the life of the man to whom more than to any other is due the great national museum of Sweden, but as a chapter in the cultural annals of Sweden.

The Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, has awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Book Prizes for the year 1923, which were instituted by the late Mrs. Janet Coats or Black, of Millearn, Ayr, as a memorial of her husband, the late James Tait Black, publisher, Edinburgh, as follows:—For the best biography or literary work of the nature to Sir Ronald Ross for his "Memoirs, &c.," and the prize for the best novel to Arnold Bennett for "Riceyman Steps."

It has been stated in some quarters that Sir George Otto Trevelyan intended to bring out a new and revised edition of his "American Revolution." But in a recent letter he says that this is not the case. A year or two ago he went carefully over the six volumes and noted a few slight errors, mostly typographical, which the Messrs. Longmans have since corrected in new printings of the work. "I am now too old to tamper with the History," he writes, "and it will be left as it now stands."

The nationalization of the birthplace of Alphonse de Lamartine, the famous French poet, is demanded by lovers of the author of the "Meditations Poétiques," who feel that it is sacrilege that the old house at Milly, in Saone-et-Loire, should not be kept up as it was when the poet lived in it.

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The Provençal Renaissance

ANTHOLOGIE DU FÉLIBRIGE PROVENÇAL. Volume Two. Compiled by CH.-P. JULIAN and P. FONTAN. Paris: Librairie Delagrave. 1924.

LI CHANT DOU TERRAIRE. New Edition. By CHARLOUN RIEU. Marseilles: Librairie P. Ruat. 1924.

Reviewed by VERNON LOGGINS
Manténère dóu Felibrige

TO most English and American readers, the Provençal Renaissance means Frédéric Mistral. Such a view is far from just. It is true that Mistral was the chief glory of the Provençal Renaissance, but he did not start the movement. Credit for that must be given to Joseph Roumanille. Besides, Mistral, all his lifetime, worked hand in hand with a large group of poets, playwrights, story-tellers and critics, all of whom wrote about Provence and in the language of Provence. In fact, the Provençal Renaissance bears about the same relation to French letters which the Irish Renaissance bears to English letters. There are two important differences. The Irish writers have, in the main, lived away from Ireland and have portrayed Irish life from a distant retrospect. Moreover, very few of them have written in the language of Ireland. The writers of Provence, on the other hand, have spent their lives among the people and amid the scenes which inspired them. And they have always recognized their native language as the only fit medium for what they wanted to express. After all, Mistral was no more the Provençal Renaissance than John Synge was the Irish Renaissance.

The second volume of the "Anthologie du Félibrige Provençal" proves that, even though Mistral died ten years ago, the Provençal Renaissance is still very much alive. The first volume of this anthology came out in 1920, and was made up of selections from Mistral himself and from poets who were his immediate contemporaries. The present volume is devoted to those poets whose significant work was done after Mistral's main activity had ceased, after the publication of his last long narrative, "Le Poème du Rhône," which appeared in 1897. A third volume, containing selections from Provençal prose authors, is already announced for early publication.

Three names included in the second volume of the "Anthologie du Félibrige Provençal" are well known to English readers. The first of these is Felix Gras, whose novel, "The Reds of the Midi," translated into English by Catherine Janvier, was popular in England and in America a generation ago. Felix Gras was primarily a storyteller. His reputation as a Provençal poet rests mainly on his two epics, "La Carbonnière" (Coal Miners) and "Tolosa" (Toulouse). The brief extracts from these poems given in the anthology show the ruggedness and sense of vigorous action, which were the outstanding characteristics of Gras's style. "Lou Rèi di Sarrasin" (The King of the Saracens), a ballad, exemplifies the author's ability to turn a tale in a well proportioned and compact plot. The second poet represented in the anthology is Jean-Henri Fabre. Of the one hundred and fifty published volumes of the great French scientist and entomologist and nature-lover, one is in verse, not in French, but in the Provençal which was the first language that Fabre ever heard. It is remarkable that this volume of poems did not appear until 1909, when the author had attained the age of eighty-six. Four selections are included in the anthology. "Lou Semenaire" (The Sower) compares the work of the priest of religion with that of the sower of grain. "Lou Manescau" (The Blacksmith) presents another fantastic comparison; the poet's thoughts are likened to the iron which the blacksmith strikes. "La Cigale e la Fourmigo" (The Cicada and the Ant) is a pessimistic fable, in which the ant, the devourer, is the materialist, and the cicada, the victim, is the artist. "Balthazar," the most Provençal in mood of all the four, is in reality a Noël. The third name which will come to English readers as familiar is also that of a writer best known for his work in French, Paul Arène, who, like Alphonse Daudet, adopted the French language for his stories, but never got away from the influence of the Midi. Many of the Provençal poems of Arène were published in periodicals during his lifetime, but they were not collected in book form until 1904.

Besides these three, there are twenty-six other poets represented in the anthology. It is possible here to do but little more than name most of these. Jean Monné, who wrote lyrics and narrative poems and plays in Provençal, was the first Marseillais to become an ardent adherent of *Félibrige*. Elzéar Jouveau turned to the making of

verses for diversion when he was in a prison camp in Germany during the War of 1870, and poetry cast such a spell over him that he continued to make verses for the rest of his life. Indeed, his great love for poetry passed on to his son, Marius Jouveau, who is the present *Capoulié* of *Félibrige* and author of numerous works on the Provençal language as well as a prolific poet. Jules Cassini and Raoul Gineste belong to the group who were most active in the late 90's. Maurice Faure, the statesman and politician, who died in 1919, left a volume of Provençal poems soon to be published. Clovis Hugues is another represented in the anthology whose poems are yet to be published in book form. Louis Astruc was noted for his tales in prose and at the same time for his verse. Alexandrine Gautier, known as Brémonte de Tarascon, and her husband, Joseph Gautier, collaborated in several volumes of lyrics and ballads. Valère Bernard, Marseillais, famous in all France as a painter and sculptor, is the author of seven volumes of poems and of two novels, all written in Provençal. Auguste Marin, author of a number of successful plays in French, was during his lifetime a frequent contributor of Provençal poems to periodicals. Léon Spariat is best known for his "Barbare!", a long narrative poem on the War. Pierre Devoluy, an officer in the French Army, writes and publishes Provençal verse as an avocation. Jules Boissière is another whose poems were collected in book form after his death. Pierre Bertas and Marius André are recognized for their criticism as well as for their poetry. Joseph d'Arbaud, Joseph Loubet, Guillaume Laforêt, Pierre Fontan, Sully-André Peyre, Bruno Durand, and Bernard de Montant-Manse, along with Marius Jouveau, mentioned above, form the younger group. They are all at present in their prime, and the immediate future of *Félibrige* is in their hands. Originally of this group was Alexandre Peyron, who died in a military hospital in 1916, a victim of the War. There remains only one name, perhaps the most important in the entire anthology, that of Charloun Rieu.

Mistral once said, "Charloun Rieu is the only peasant in France who sings about his plow and the only poet in France who knows how to sing such songs." All his life a laborer in the fields of others, all his life confronting poverty and misery, Charloun, as he is familiarly known in Provence, lived a career which was a phenomenon. He represented that highest peak of Provençal idealism, the peasant became poet. The misery of his existence he saw with a poet's eyes; so, it ceased to be misery. Labor for him was only a type of beauty, and when he wrote of it he transfigured it.

Charloun's "Li Cant dóu Terraire" was a cumulative work, which in its growth and development was not unlike Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." The first edition appeared in 1897, twenty years after Charloun had been made a *Félibre* on account of poems which he circulated among his friends around the village of Paradou, his *petit pays*. New editions, each with additional poems, came out in 1900, 1904, 1907 and 1911. Now, eight months after the author's death, comes the last and complete edition. Besides "Li Cant dóu Terraire," Charloun wrote a play, "Margarido dóu Desté," produced with success a short time before his death but not yet in book form. His prose translation of the "Odyssey" was published in 1907, and he left in manuscript translations of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" and of Fenelon's "Télémaque." All this mastery of his art, all this creative work, all this study of foreign languages, all this translation, Charloun accomplished during moments of freedom from work in the fields.

Charloun lived his seventy-nine years in that ecstatic state in which man does not think, in which man is content to feel. The world of Charloun was the true poet's real world. And because he lived in Provence, "where the sunshine breeds poets and the air is kind to them," he was understood and accepted. He did not have to fight as Walt Whitman fought in America. Yet, until the day of his death, Charloun was known as a man who could be readily hired to plow in the fields, to crush grapes for wine, to tend flocks, to gather olives. The career of such a man is indeed a phenomenon.

After the death of Mistral, Charloun was considered the most significant poet in Provence. Upon just whom his mantle will fall no one can now prophesy. But the fire of poetry rekindled by the early *Félibres* three-quarters of a century ago is still burning in Provence. The Provençaux themselves would say, "As long as our sunshine endures, so long will there be poets in our land."

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PLATE. By R. B. CUNNINGHAM
GRAHAM. (Doubleday, Page.)
THE WHITE MONKEY. By JOHN
GALSWORTHY. (Scribners.)
PREJUDICES. Fourth Series. By
H. L. MENCKEN. (Knopf.)

H. S., Missouri, who teaches a High School
class in which there are many Jews, wishes
a list of books concerning Hebrew history,
ancient, mediæval and modern; be-
liefs and rituals; and contributions to
our civilization.

IT is, indeed, high time that the subject
of Jewish history should receive a wider
attention, and ancient Israel's contribution
to our culture claim our recognition as well
as that of ancient Greece and Rome. There
is, however, no one book that would give
this inquirer all he wishes to know; the sub-
ject is treated in various phases by the fol-
lowing, which I recommend on the au-
thority of the distinguished scholar, Dr.
Josua Bloch, of this city.

"The History of the Jews," by Professor
Graetz (Jewish Publication Society, Phila.,
1891), is the most comprehensive survey of
the facts of Jewish history available in the
English language, a 5-volume condensation
of the German 13-volume original. "The
Popular History of the Jews," by the same
author, was translated by Dr. A. B. Rhine
and issued by the Hebrew Publication Co.,
N. Y., 1919, in 5 volumes; it was supple-
mented by Dr. Max Raisin with a volume
on "The History of the Jews in Modern
Times" (same publisher) covering the pe-
riod 1848-1918. For high schools or col-
leges an excellent work is "A History of the
Hebrew People" (Scribner, 2 vols.), edited
by Professor Charles Foster Kent, of Yale,
and his "History of the Jewish People"
(Scribner) is also recommended. Professor
Kent's "History of the Hebrew Common-
wealth," written with Albert Edward Bailey
(Scribner), is considered one of the best
text-books, especially useful for the Bi-
blical period. Of equal value is Professor
Foakes Jackson's "Biblical History of the
Hebrews" (Doran, 1922). Paul Good-
man's "History of the Jews" (Dutton,
1919) is a brief survey of Jewish history
to the beginning of this century, written in
a style at once vivid and attractive. The
late Dr. Gotthard Deutsch, Professor of
Jewish History and Literature at Hebrew
Union College, Cincinnati, is the author of
"The History of the Jews," the second
edition of which appeared in 1921 (Bloch);
it is a rapid survey of the most outstand-
ing events in Jewish life from the Baby-
lonian captivity, 586 B. C., to the end of
the World War. Miss Adele Bildersee, of
Hunter College, wrote a splendid "Jewish
Post-Biblical History through Great Per-
sonalities" (Union of Hebrew Congrega-
tions, Cincinnati); her treatment is evidently
that of an experienced teacher meeting
classroom needs. Cassel's "Manual of Jew-
ish History and Literature," though some-
what antiquated, has gone through many
editions in the English translation made by
Mrs. Lucas and still has a popular sale.

There is, however, no adequate treatment
in English of the history of Jewish litera-
ture. Cesterley and Box's "Survey of the
Literature of Rabbinical and Mediæval Ju-
daism" (Society for Promoting Christian
Knowledge), as indicated by the title, ap-
peals to the student of theological, ethical
and philosophical teaching of the Rabbis of
the Middle Ages. Israel Abraham's "Chap-
ters on Jewish Literature" (Jewish Pub.
Co.) is an effort to cover all aspects of post-
Biblical Jewish literature in a pleasant and
profitable manner. As for customs, C. F.

Abbott's "Israel in Europe" (Macmillan)
endeavors to convey the life and activities
of Jewish people scattered in European
countries, and "Jewish Life in the Middle
Ages" (Jewish Pub. Co.) throws light on
the manners and customs of Jews in many
lands. Their contribution to civilization has
not as yet been estimated; efforts have been
made in Professor Baldwin's "Our Modern
Debt to Israel" (Sherman French), "Jewish
Contributions to Civilization" (Jewish Pub.
Co.), and Ada Sterling's "Jew and Civiliza-
tion" (Aetco Pub. Co., 1924).

There are besides these several books
either recently published or promised soon
to appear, that I must bring to the attention
of this inquirer. The series that began with
"The Legacy of Greece" is to be continued
by "The Legacy of Judea," by Abrahams
and Bevans (Oxford University Press), and
in the same house's series of small handbooks
of world history there are two volumes, one
just out and one to come, that will be of
value: the one we have is "Israel before
Christ," by A. W. F. Blunt, an account of
social and religious development of the Old
Testament—the only book in English which
attempts to give a clear picture of its social
and historical background. The one to
come is "Israel in World History." Long-
mans, Green announce the publication of
the second series of "The Letters of Be-
nammi," reprinted from the *Jewish Chron-
icle* as "Essays on Jewish Life and
Thought." A novel of the brothers Tharaud
recently translated from the French, "When
Israel Is King" (McBride), involves the
history of the Jews in Hungary, and Law-
rence Langner's new play, "Moses" (Boni
& Liveright), has a brilliant and protracted
preface on the contribution of monotheistic
peoples to civilization. "You Gentiles," by
Maurice Samuel (Harcourt, Brace), is not,
as one might think from the title, a defense
by making an attack; it is rather an exam-
ination into fundamental differences, a book
robust yet melancholy, written with such
spirit that it is bound to call out a spirited
response from the reader, in whatever di-
rection this may extend. I have been watch-
ing Mr. Samuel's career with expectation
ever since I read his surprisingly good novel,
"Whatever Gods" (Duffield), last year—
surprising when one thinks how near to a
first novel it was, and to what heights of
realism two at least of its chapters rise.

A list of books like this would be incom-
plete without mention of Peter Wiernik's
"History of the Jews in America" (Jewish
Press Pub. Co., New York). Dr. Bloch
says that there is a constantly increasing de-
mand for a popular treatment of Jewish
history like that of Van Loon's treatment
of general history in his "Story of Man-
kind."

W. R. B., Louisville, Ky., asks for books on
old silver.

FOR the beginner either in search of pos-
sible bargains or hoping to identify
specimens among the family plate, two
books will be valuable: "Chats on Old
Silver," by Arthur Hayden (Stokes), a
guide to styles from Elizabeth to Victoria,
and "The Silver and Sheffield Plate Col-
lector," by W. A. Young, one of the Col-
lector's Series issued by Dodd, Mead. For

(Continued on next page)

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Lipset Bros., 1047 Madison Ave.
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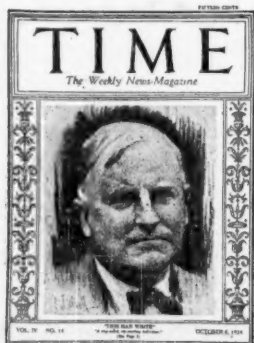
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The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

the connoisseur or to enrich a library there are two beautiful illustrated books, "Goldsmith's and Silversmith's Work," by Nelson Dawson, with 126 colotype plates (Putnam), and "Silver, Pewter and Sheffield Plate," by Fred W. Burgess (Dutton).

E. S., New York, looks for a list of Southern writers in all branches of literature and a list of their works.

THE standard work on this subject is the "Library of Southern Literature," edited by E. A. Alderman, Joel Chandler Harris and C. W. Kent; this is in seventeen volumes and has just been brought up to date by a supplement. It is published by Martin and Hoyt, Atlanta, Ga. "Southern Life in Southern Literature," is a book of selections in prose and verse edited by Maurice G. Fulton—who is, by the way, one of the supporters of the *Guide*—and published by Ginn; another well-known collection is "Southern Writers," edited by W. P. Trent (Macmillan). Esther Ellinger's thesis on "Southern War Poetry of the Civil War" was published by Hershey, Phila., in 1918. The extension department of the University of North Carolina publishes a manual for club-study, "Studies in Southern Literature," that is a model of its kind, and as valuable for the way it handles its material as for the material it handles. This comes from its press at Chapel Hill, N. C.

R. H. D., South Whitley, Ind., asks for a list of publications that will be of value in the study of the cost of distribution of merchandise, either at retail or by mail order, though the inquirer is especially interested in the former.

THE student will find in the publications of the Graduate School of Business Administration of Harvard, Bureau of Business Research, a number of bulletins of special importance in this connection, such as "Operating expenses in retail shoe stores in 1923," and similar studies of retail hardware, grocery and department stores, and of the distribution of clothing by retail. The Bureau of Business Research of Northwestern University, Chicago, has a bulletin on selling expenses and their control in retail distribution of clothing. The latest book to cover these subjects is "The Merchant's Manual," edited by Hahn and White and published this year by the McGraw-Hill Co. "Marketing Practice," by White and Hayward (Doubleday, Page), has sections on "The Retail System" and "The Mail Order House," and these are both treated in P. H. Nystrom's standard work on "Economics of Retailing" (Ronald), and in C. S. Duncan's "Marketing: its Problems and Methods" (Appleton). Two other books of value are P. T. Cherington's "Elements of Marketing" (Macmillan) and F. E. Clark's "Principles of Marketing" (Macmillan). There are, of course, any number of other publications, as these subjects are so well documented, but these books will make a safe and sound basis for study.

CAN anyone tell K. S. P., Virginia, where to get on the track of a publication in the nature of a questionnaire, issued some ten years ago by a Chicago society with a name like the "Greater Aim" or "Definite Object"?

AT last we have definitive information on the "Change the Name of Arkansas" speech, obtained on request of the *Guide* from Mr. Tom Shiras, famous in the Missouri Writers' Guild for its recitation and one of the publishers of *The Baxter Bulletin*, at Mountain Home, Ark. He says: "Change the Name of Arkansas, Never!" is the subject of a speech made by Senator James K. Jones, of this state, a quarter of a century ago, when some senator from one of the New England states introduced a bill in the Senate to change the pronunciation of the name from 'saw' to 'sass.' The bill never passed. In 1881 the Eclectic Society of Little Rock had a bill passed by the legislature making the name Arkansas legal and lawful, notwithstanding that it is spelled 'sas.' The name of the state was derived from the Arkansea tribe of Indians who formerly inhabited some sections of it."

A correspondent whose letter has been mislaid asks whether a pseudonym may be copyrighted so it may not be used again.

THE Register of Copyrights at Washington sends a statement that the law contains no provisions under which registration can be made of a name, as such, to secure the exclusive right to use it in business of any kind; entry cannot therefore be made in the Copyright Office of a number of kinds of name, including "pen names,

professional names, business names." It appears that names or titles of books, music dramas or artistic works are recorded, not to secure exclusive rights, but for identification. Inquiries of this nature should be sent to the Copyright Office of the United States Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

D. J. T., South Omaha, Neb., asks "if the works of Lester F. Ward are out of print? They were once issued by Putnam."

"GLIMPSES of the Cosmos," in six volumes, was issued by Putnam and is still in print, as is also their publication, "Lester F. Ward; a Personal Sketch," by E. P. Capes. His most celebrated work, "Pure Sociology," and his "Outlines of Sociology," are both issued by Macmillan and are still in print, and so is the revised edition of his "Dynamic Sociology," issued in two volumes, by Appleton.

The New Books

(Continued from page 308)

iam Joynson-Hicks, and some others, always with the object of confounding Socialism and glorifying Conservatism.

Broadly, and it is of some importance to Americans, he interprets British Conservatism to the world. He brings into juxtaposition traditional and intellectual Conservatism and summarizes them thus:

Conservatism seeks to establish security, confidence, and peace; to create, that is, the only atmosphere in which men can do fruitful work; and it seeks the prosperity of British trade and the union of the British Empire because it desires to increase the independence, the self-respect, and the domestic happiness of the working classes, and to possess revenues sufficient for the three great branches of its social policy—better houses, better health, better education.

Socialism the author conceives to be the antithesis of this modern Conservatism. Here the author is grossly unjust. Many of his remarks at the expense of the Labor Party are trivial and rest on wholly unsound premises; but it is characteristic of him not to stand on ceremony with details, but to hammer at the essence with all his force and the essence is that Socialism implies willy-nilly the suppression of individualism. For the very reason that it championed individual enterprise against State monopoly the Conservative Party has just been returned to Parliament stronger than ever.

It would, of course, be preposterous to claim more than a fortuitous importance for this book. The fact that it advocated a thorough-going anti-Socialist policy in Conservatism before Conservatism defeated Socialism at the polls can only be cited in support of the author's intellectual qualifications to write on British politics, his great knowledge of economic and social affairs, and, no doubt, his intimate acquaintance with Fleet Street and the Carlton Club.

JAPAN. By LAFACIO HEARN. Macmillan. \$2.50.

WHEN ISRAEL IS KING. By JEROME and JEAN THARAUD. McBride. \$2 net.

Philosophy

PSYCHOLOGY. By EVERETT DEAN MARTIN. People's Institute Publishing Co. \$3.

THE INNER DISCIPLINE. By C. BAUDOUIN and A. LESTCHINSKY. Holt.

MIND AS A FORCE. By CHARLES F. HARTFORD. Holt. \$1.50.

GREEK PHILOSOPHY. By M. E. J. TAYLOR. Oxford University Press. \$1.

ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY AND EDUCATION. By FRANK WATTS. Appleton. \$2.

AN AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE. By LAURENCE BUERMAYER. Merion, Pa.: Barnes Foundation.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. By BENEDETTO CROCE. Harcourt, Brace.

A HISTORY OF ETHICS. By STEPHEN WARD. Oxford University Press. \$1.

READINGS IN PHILOSOPHY. Compiled by ALBERT EDWIN AVEY. Appleton. \$3.

SPECULUM MENTIS. By R. G. COLLINGWOOD. Oxford.

Religion

THREE MEASURES OF MEAL. By FRANK G. BIAL. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE. By ALBERT HYMA. Grand Rapids, Mich.: Reformed Press.

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Missoula, T. H. Dunstan

Points of View

Ford's Book Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Long ago there came to the university where I was a student, an English poet, Alfred Noyes, to lecture on poetry. He abandoned his subject to launch a vitriolic attack upon a strange, and to me unknown, man named G. B. Shaw. Mr. Noyes was so violent that he engaged my interest, not in his point of view, but in the man he attacked. I proceeded to read every written word of Mr. Shaw's.

If I had not read Ford Madox Ford's "Some Do Not . . ." and delighted in it before I saw Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's review of it, I should have lost no time in buying the book. Anything that can arouse so futile and confused a sense of hostility and outrage as Mr. Krutch's review betrays must be worth reading. Mr. Krutch devotes virtually half of his space to elaborating a highly questionable distinction between the general, inclusive word, "passion," and the particular, exclusive word, "anger." I was taught to regard "anger" as a kind of passion, and to apply the word "pique," or "disappointment," "resentment," or "exasperation," to the feeling which Mr. Krutch seems to be fumbling. However, I feel sure that the other readers of *The Saturday Review* enjoy the same privileges of thesaurus and dictionary of which Mr. Krutch and I are modestly boasting.

When Mr. Krutch, in his review, turns his attention to "Some Do Not . . .," one almost detects a regretful sigh at having to abandon his smoke-screen of academic hair-splitting and come down to the real issue. The impression grows, the farther one reads, that Mr. Krutch is running from Mr. Ford and Mr. Ford's novel as hard as he can tear.

There is no answer to the riddle of Mr. Krutch's evasion in "Some Do Not . . .". It affords that seemingly impossible joy of a combination of the authoritative, objective clarity of Dickens and Thackeray and Jane Austen with the penetrating vision of Lawrence and Joyce and Evelyn Scott. In other words, Mr. Ford is both traditional and modern. He gives an immediate and delightful sense of London. He fills in his background with innumerable slightly caricatured minor characters; the lady novelist who rushes up to present reviewers with baskets of eggs is alone enough to signalize the book. "Some Do Not . . ." seemed to me to be at once an individual's vision of life and a detached, witty, slightly ironic portrait of a man and his times. Christopher Tietjens, to me, was a great, stupid, lovable figure, unique and yet universal as was that charming "barge of a man" in Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil."

The review is a regrettable betrayal of those followers of Mr. Krutch who have come to expect from him a courageous grapple with the intricacies of an author's creative mood. If, at times, Mr. Krutch exposes his own limitations more comprehensively than he reveals the processes of the writer under discussion, he as often is startling and arresting in the sureness of his recognitions. One ponders on the riddle: what idiosyncratic grievance on the part of Mr. Krutch could have so warped his judgment of Mr. Ford, editor of *The Transatlantic Review*, critic, poet, and author of "Some Do Not . . .?"

Yours very truly,
JOHN W. CRAWFORD.

Travellers' Truth

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I am stimulated to reply to Hervey Allen's "The Golden Egg," which appears in answer to my "Killing the Goose."

Mr. Allen has written a defence of lying admirable enough to have satisfied Oscar Wilde who so wittily and provocatively lamented its decay.

I quite agree with Mr. Allen that lying fills a certain human need. But I insist that it should be labelled as lying, . . . in other words, as fiction. Then by all means lie as gorgeously as you please. I object only when lies depend for their success upon being accepted as truth. It's a pretty poor lie that can't stand on its own feet, but must lean upon the crutch of truth.

And I still maintain that the romance of truth is in the hands of the literary artist an infinitely greater thing than the most glittering falsehood. This is the case even in the realm of fiction itself. The truth of Conrad is greater than the invention of Jules Verne.

Travel, like history, must rest upon an unvarying foundation of fact. And why

should fact necessitate a barren prose? It certainly did not do so in Van Loon's fascinating "History of Mankind," which was commended by historians for its accuracy as well as by men of letters for its style. Nor is it true of Llewellyn Powys's "Black Laughter" and of the Ebony part of his "Ebony and Ivory." There you have truth enhanced and enriched by poetic beauty. And as for Tomlinson . . . the outstanding quality of the "Sea and the Jungle" is its exquisite prose, notwithstanding which it contrives to remain true.

Mr. Allen says that "Although travelers have always been notorious liars their readers have generally been in direct proportion to their talent for prevarication."

Were this dismal statement true, wouldn't

the North Pole Dr. Cook stand triumphantly at the head of all travel writers?

BLAIR NILES.

New York.

Grenville Mellen

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

As a graduate student in English at the University of Maine, I am making a critical study of the life and work of Grenville Mellen, poet and short story writer, who was born at Biddeford, Maine, in 1799, and died in New York City in 1841. I should be grateful to any readers of the *Saturday Review* for biographical information regarding Mellen, particularly in the Boston and New York periods of his life.

University of Maine.

(Miss) JOY L. NEVENS

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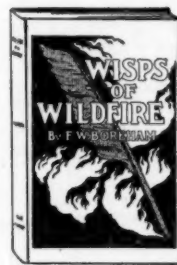
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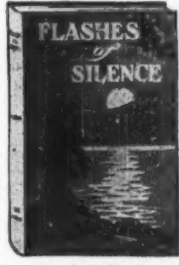
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With Apologies

Owing to an unfortunate error in the composing room of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, the conclusion of Mr. Bodenheimer's article, "The Elusive Art," in the number for Saturday, November 15th, was substituted for the final paragraphs of Mr. Untermeyer's essays on "The Future of Rhyme" in the same issue. In fairness to authors and readers both essays are here reprinted in proper form.—THE EDITOR.

The Elusive Art

By MAXWELL BODENHEIMER

POETRY would seem to be the roadhouse in which otherwise decent and deserving intelligences abandon their discernments and reserves and become as formless, gushing, and indiscriminating as adolescents taking their first swig of brandy. In this hallowed tavern the regulations have always been to make a great deal of militant noise—the stirring "war-poem" and call to arms, in which Britannia is exhorted to govern the waves and France to grasp the sword dropped by her past, feminine crusader—or to pound away at one series of entranced, reverent lies about your country—merrie, green old England, and hardy, canny, kilt-flaunting Scotland, and swash-buckling, romantic, languorous Spain—or to banish the depth of thought and exile the subtleties of emotion with the pleasant-tries and graces of rhythmical sound—or to become awe-stricken and prostrate before concepts such as God, feminine virginity, mountains, and the constellations in the sky—or to become tender and rhapsodical when confronted by the trees and flowers of nature, or to express love and hatred without qualms or qualifications, or to find a submerged, indefinable beauty in struggling masses of human beings. The list could be interminably extended but the task becomes halted by despair.

Poetry has nearly always been respite in which men and women could leave the colder and more detailed insights of prose, and the slow strippings of psychology, and the less popular afflictions and vagaries of emotion, and revert to a comparative childhood, with a tum-te-tum-te-tum outburst of sound and a return to simpler beliefs. Otherwise intelligent men and women become nebulous dreamers and negligent thinkers when they resort to poetry, and the reason is that poetry has been regarded as a false and lenient seductress. It was considered quite permissible to say something in a poem that would be regarded as silly and laughably credulous if it were expressed in prose, and the superstition arose that poetry could only be a recess of fervid illusions and common, reiterated escapes from life ("Up to your starry heights I send these trembling rhymes").

Poetry had its birth in warriors and old men who sang to readjust their cruel, fleeting, and harried lives, with boasting and hopeful sounds, or with a brave recognition of death and impermanence, and in women who consoled themselves for the monotony of sexual submission. As long as it was wedded to formal music and chants, in sagas, folksongs, and ballades, its words merely rounded out the melody of the zither, and lute, and three-stringed harp, and they were not solely decisive factors. When it began to appear on the printed page, however, the real musical accompaniment vanished and was replaced by a myth to the effect that the words themselves could invoke song. A new kind of "music" was conceived by men and women whose hearts and brains wanted an imaginary melody to soothe their bruised and minute existences. This "music" is in reality like a pitiful, trivial, sing-song mouth-harp in comparison with the art of the symphony and sonata composer abetted by orchestras of one hundred and ten men, and even a single violinist or pianist can make the most lyrical poem seem wan and inadequate, as far as its "music" is concerned. Still, a belief in the existence of this latter "music" extends and welcomes the pleading, emotional dishonesty in mankind.

For the above reason, most men and women change their skins and perceptions whenever they read or fashion poetry. The philosopher leaves his grapple with icy, exquisitely balanced thoughts and writes relative nursery-rhymes about loyalty between men, and the glittering importance of stars, and the glints in his lady's hair (witness the poetic effusions of a philosopher as great as Santayana); and the intricately mathematical scientist sits in his library and adores Kipling, and Robert Service, and William Cullen Bryant; and

the artist heals his æsthetic trepidations with the soft, circumscribed drives of Whittier and Alfred Noyes. You could question ten philosophers, scientists, and painters at random, and nine out of the ten would reveal nothing but dislike and indifference for poets of the least subtlety, intellect and skepticism. They would tell you that these latter men were not poets and had failed to achieve the musical, heart-clutching charm which constitutes the fundamental of all verse. The actual reason would be, however, that the naïveté and hope within these people, side-tracked and often maligned in their more serious expressions, had leaped upon poetry as a last chance for unashamed existence!

The prevailing attitude toward poetry bobs up in all parts of the literary field, from ultra-conservative to ultra-radical, and it is beautifully illustrated in the reception given to a recent, ultra-radical poet named Mr. E. E. Cummings. Conservative and liberal critics have singled Mr. Cummings out as the one bard among the experimentalists whose work was entitled to survive, in spite of its mangled punctuations, dubious or disregarded grammar, small "i's," and lines weirdly broken up for a purpose visible only to the author. Why has Mr. Cummings been scolded and yet acclaimed by all of these cautious gentry? Because, underneath all of his frantic tricks of printed form, and all of his irrelevant darings at the expense of capital letters, and all of his subconscious philanderings appropriated (consciously or unconsciously) from James Joyce, and all of his perversely capering adjectives and adverbs, he is an ardent sentimentalist, and a simple lyricist, and a poet replete with emotional confidences and blindnesses. Gleeefully doffing his disguises, various critics have hailed him for what he is and for what they insist that poetry must be, while, when they are confronted by experimental poets who are actually intellectual, and coldly thoughtful, and emotionally subtle at the partial sacrifice of "music," these critics instantly become derogatory and intolerant. They can excuse whims of punctuation, but not idiosyncrasies and plots that leap from the nimble depths of the mind, or emotions that deliberately scan each other.

This attitude appears again whenever professors of any kind try their hand at verse. As I write these lines a volume of poems by Mr. J. E. Spingarn rests upon the table. A sophisticated, hard, sure critic of literature and critical methods, and an intelligent exponent of Benedetto Croce's theories on creative criticism, Mr. Spingarn reveals a burished, chilly efficient mind in his prose, and yet this same man has written verses that drip with almost boyish confusions and confessions, "spring passions" that trip ecstatically and to no avail, and sweet reprisals on thought. The astute critic changes to a man who writes:

Oh song of birds, and flowers fair to see!
Why should I thirst for far off Eden isles,
When I may hear her discourse melody,
And bask, a dreamer, in her dreamy smiles?

The lines are in such gigantic contrast to Mr. Spingarn's critical ability that one might believe that I was a prevaricator unless he turned to the volume of verse in question and read the exact quotation, and other, even more inferior ones. The same startling discrepancy can also be noticed in the verse of other professors such as John Erskine and William Ellery Leonard, and William Alexander Percy.

Poetry, to most men, is, alas, a palpitating, rhythmical opportunity to become warmly and passionately stupid, to replenish the torn dreams of their youth, and to snuggle shamefacedly with the illusions and faiths which they have seen life spit upon, and to desert the keenness of their thoughts for a fling with promising, fair-faced emotions. These men will always detest or barely tolerate the intellectual, carefully costumed, nonchalantly emotional poet, who grins at the lacerations and appeals within his heart, and will always contend that he is desecrating the lilting witcheries of poetry. Yet without this intellectual bard the art of poetry would remain stationary, worn, uncritical of itself, and chained to a "music" which is musical only in the imagination and desire of its listeners.

Jean de Pierrefeu, the feuilletoniste of the *Journal des Débats* and the author of "Plutarch Lied," is about to bring out a reply to the book of the French general, "Plutarch Did not Lie." An English edition of M. de Pierrefeu's first book, which attracted wide attention in France, "G. Q. G. Secteur 1," has just appeared in London.

The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

American First Editions

THE current catalogue of James F. Drake, Inc., 14 West Fortieth Street, deserves the careful attention of collectors. It contains 284 lots of first editions of Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, Thoreau and Whittier. Mr. W. N. C. Carleton has written a "Foreword," in which he says: "An excellent historical maxim to the effect that 'past history is the best guide to present practice' may well be applied to certain activities in the field of book collecting, and one of them is the present status of American first editions. The commanding position now held by early English literature in the book world is no sudden phenomenon, but the result of a century of growth in knowledge, taste and interest in that subject. In 1827, one William Pickering's catalogues

offered a perfect set of the four folios of Shakespeare for £105. And all literary and bibliographical history proves that sooner or later the earliest issues of a nation's literary classics become eagerly sought prizes, including also the lesser writings of the greater authors. American literature is a late comer in the collecting world; it does not as yet dominate the market or the interest of a host of collectors. But history is sure to repeat itself with respect to American first editions. Time is on their side. Interest in them is certain to increase with the passage of the years; the number of choice copies of outstanding works will inevitably decrease and their costliness increase. And, in the distant future, literary historians will be studying them as the 'incunabula' of American literature, the first fruits of the creative spirit of the great western Republic." (Continued on next page)

The Future of Rhyme

By LOUIS UNTERMAYER

HOWEVER variously the dictionaries define it, the word "rhyme" to the English reader means merely an identically matched vowel-sound followed—if followed at all—by the same consonants but (and herein lies the entire trick of the rhymers' limited technic) preceded by a different consonantal sound. Thus *lie* and *sigh*, *dark* and *lark*, *singing* and *bringing* are "true" rhymes. Any attempt to vary the exactness of this combination of initial difference and concluding coincidence has been either belittled or openly condemned. But it is the intellect which has fixed this limitation, not the ear. It is obvious that the sensitive ear, listening to the pairing of words as it listens to music, takes pleasure in the coupling, repetition and variance of certain sounds—a pleasure that has little relation to the rules. Once realizing this fact, it seems necessary not only to allow for a few innovations that will extend the scope of rhyme but to change the definition entirely.

Without attempting to formulate a comprehensive analysis, I think it safe to say that a rhyme is a matching of two balanced sounds which have a common base (either in the vowels or the consonants) but a contrasting structure. It is in the balance that the rhyme is determined, in the equal distribution of weight—whether the common sound occurs at the beginning or the end of the word. For example, *late* and *light* are (in this broader definition of the term) as musically matched, as concordant, in short, as truly rhymed—as *late* and *fate*. Even the pedagogues of poetry have been aware of these subtle divisions in variance and, instead of recognizing the power of rhyme to extend its borders, have attempted to solve the complexity by a still more complex assemblage of evasions. Thus such natural if unorthodox pairs as *have* and *grace*, *earth* and *hearth*, *wound* (a hurt) and *sound* (all of them in common use for four centuries) have been contemptuously classified as "sight-rhymes." *Meadow* and *shadow*, *heaven* and *even*, *breath* and *faith* (equally hallowed by tradition) are explained as "near-rhyme" or, in the case of *together* and *withier* (beloved by the Elizabethans), "false-rhyme." The more radical variations proved still more puzzling. *Crown* and *crag* is "alliteration"; *aging* and *fading* is "assonance"; *clash* and *clasp* is "alliterative assonance"; *grain* and *groan* is "dissonance." It must be plain to any but a tone-deaf listener that all these are not merely exceptional or discordant notes but pleasingly contrasting ones. It is from this very shifting of similarity and difference, of partial identity and contrast that all of rhyme derives its magic. Forget the false distinctions and you have a body of poetry enriched by a *finesse* of rhyme; a web of half-tones and flashes of new colors, in which harmonies like *youngest* and *strongest*, *famine* and *women*, *ready* and *body* have a spell as great as the norm which has been in vogue for more than five hundred years. In fact, these departures are more provocative to the modern ear as rhyme than the accepted ringing of the same bells. Firstly, because the pairing of the exact final sounds, being limited to a few dozen changes, has been accomplished so often that the ear, anticipating the obvious, has lost the sensation of surprise with which it was first arrested and which is the very element of rhyme. Secondly, the "perfect rhyme," acting like a perfect cadence in music, has a conclusiveness, a reiterated

emphasis so strong that it tends to act as a full-stop.

The musical analogy sharply reminds one how rapidly the tonal art has progressed in comparison with its verbal imitator. There was a time when music was little more than a regular alternation between dominant, subdominant and tonic chords. Today even the academic composer freely employs suspensions, deceptive cadences, the occasional clash of cacophony—every stimulating device, in short, which he has learned, not from his books of harmony, but from the receptivity of the human ear. Poetry, on the other hand, either dispenses with rhyme altogether or clings fast to the one type of it which became standardized five centuries ago.

There is little doubt that rhyme in English has been over used and, because of the excessive employment of the "full, round rhyme," many of us are tired of its ding-donging regularity. But to disdain the help of one of poetry's most flexible properties because of a temporary surfeit, is to be even less receptive and more impatient than the pedagogues. Just as many of the modern musicians, fearing to employ anything so antiquated as a major triad lose themselves in a welter of dissonances, so many of the *vers libristes*, throwing out the baby with the bath, refuse one of their most valuable methods of color and contrast.

But, though most of the rhyming practitioners still place their perfect rhymes like polished signposts at the end of their lines, a strong if belated dissatisfaction is manifesting itself among English as well as American lyrists. Here and there, a poet is beginning to vary the music without losing the effect of it by placing his rhymes at the beginning and in the middle of his lines. Walter de la Mare, following the tentative experimenter who first made *love* and *prove* a classic coupling, is one of those who are growing increasingly fond of pairing sounds like *moon* and *gone*, and *grain* and *was*; Wilfred Owen, in his magnificent war-poems, left a record notable not only for its poignance but for its efforts to compose with dissimilar vowels and "rhyming consonants"; Elinor Wylie has accomplished enviable effects in a swift doubling of rhyme-pairs; the polyphonic prose of Amy Lowell and John Gould Fletcher supplements the exact rhyme with rippling assonantal counterpoint; John Crowe Ransom is ringing the pleasant changes on such harmonies as *beetle-subtle*, *drunkard-conquered*, *orgy-clergy*; even "H. D." with the grace that is characteristic of her, has found a new elegance in her recent employment of the old medium.

No one yet, as far as I know, has attempted to combine all these rhyming elements. And it is along this line that poetry will, according to the indications, take the next technical step. Without discarding the final identity of intonation, it will also exploit the other possibilities of sound. A lyric, instead of being composed exclusively of perfect rhyme, will be an exquisitely modulated set of chiming accords and resolving discords. It will delight the ear by mixing the light of definition of assonance, the deceptive cadence of "near-rhyme," the delicate shock of dissonance, the free use of "half-tones." At present, most rhymed verse seems scored—if I may continue the musical figure—only for strings and an infrequent clarinet. When it avails itself of all the resources of rhyme instead of the dulcet few, the poetry of the future will achieve that full orchestral sonority which has been barely suggested by three or four of the greatest musicians in words.

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AUTOGRAPHS AT ANDERSON'S

AUTOGRAPH letters and manuscripts of the late F. Hopkinson Smith, with important additions from collections in this country and abroad, were sold at the Anderson Galleries November 6 and 7, 408 lots bringing \$6,952.75. The original manuscript of F. Hopkinson Smith's "In Dickens's London," written on 186 pages, 4to, with a "dummy" book containing 22 illustrations for the work, together with a galley proof of the monograph, also a folio scrap book containing a typed synopsis of the work, with manuscript notes and corrections, brought \$132.50 and went to Walter M. Hill of Chicago. Other items and the

prices which they brought were the following: A. L. S. of Joseph Brant, Mohawk Chief, 3 pp. folio, Jan. 11, 1799, \$60; autograph manuscript quotation from "David Copperfield," written by Charles Dickens on 1 p. 4to, Jan. 24, 1852, \$82.50; Alexander Hamilton's original draft of an appeal from the decision of a Prize Court, 8 pp. folio, with his autograph signature in six places, 1800, \$125; A. L. S. of Edgar Allan Poe, 1 p. 4to, Richmond, Oct. 8, 1825, soliciting regular subscriptions to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, \$127.50; the original manuscript of Theodore Roosevelt's "A Christmas in Mid-Africa," written in pencil on 5 pp. folio, signed, \$350; A. L. S. of Richard Wagner, 3 pp. 8vo, Bayreuth, Oct. 30, 1875, acknowledging a report of the success of "Gotterdammerung," \$35; and an A. L. S. of Voltaire, 1 p. 8vo, 1728, in English, \$30.

A NOTABLE COLLECTION

THE valuable ornithological library of the late W. J. M. De Bas, of The Hague, Holland, comprising the writings of Audubon, Baird, Bendire, Bonaparte, Edwards, Elliot, Gould, Lewin, Pennant, Ridgway, Wilson and many others, will be sold at the Anderson Galleries, November 25. This very important sale includes the elephant folio edition of Audubon's "Birds of

America," Gould's and Elliot's magnificent works, a collection of over 1,700 original water color drawings of the land and sea birds of the world by Col. C. H. Smith, Lewin's "Birds of Great Britain," illustrated with original drawings in color, besides numerous original water colors by Westley Horton, G. Edwards, and an important collection of 60 drawings by Eleazer Albin, the originals of the first colored plates of British birds published in England. This sale deserves the careful attention of the ornithological collector.

NOTE AND COMMENT

AT a recent sale at Hodgson's in London a first edition of Housman's "A Shropshire Lad" brought £34 10s.

The limited autograph edition of the "Writings of Anatole France," in 30 volumes, which Gabriel Wells of this city is publishing, had just been completed at the time of the author's death. This edition really becomes a memorial edition, for it will remain the only autographed edition, and the distinctive beautiful format renders it all that such an edition should be. It seems to have been completed at the psychological moment, for the rush of orders has nearly exhausted the edition. Like Mr.

Wells's definitive edition of Mark Twain, this limited edition of France will soon be out of print.

In an interesting article in the November number of *Antiques* on "The Curious Literature of Law Trials," contributed by George H. Sargent, he says: "Whether it is due to the influence of the movies with their concomitant scenes of violence, or to a mysterious psychological change brought about by the Great War, or to a mere shift in literary fashions, it is certain that the literature of crimes and casualties is at present enjoying a decided boom."

Joseph Conrad's letters are now being collected by G. Jean-Aubry, and will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co. M. Jean-Aubry is editor-in-chief of the French translations of Conrad's works, of which there is to be a complete edition. He was a close personal friend of the great novelist. M. Jean-Aubry will be glad to receive copies of any Conrad letters in the possession of Americans. They should be addressed to him, care of Eric S. Pinker, James A. Pinker & Sons, Talbot House, Arundel House, Strand, London.

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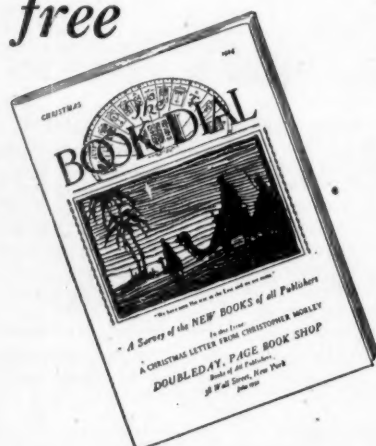
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The Phoenix Nest

ONCE a year we clean out our desk. This year we have done it prematurely. We shall hastily pass in review some of the choice items that have come to light.

For the information of A. K. Gibson of Grand Rapids, Michigan, *Hue & Cry* is published at Woodstock, N. Y. We should have told him so long ago. Louis Untermeyer and Jean Untermeyer are now in London, Jean having deserted the Muse for Music (temporarily). She has already made her debut at the Vienna Concert House as a "lieder" singer, and will sing in the Aeolian Hall, London, on December first. Schnitzler was present at her Vienna concert. Half of her program consisted of songs rarely heard on any concert platform. Louis himself says he is growing bald because of Viennese pastry. The Untermyers will be back in this country by New Year's. Chris Morley is back, of course, and we attended at lunch with him on the T. S. S. *Tuscania*, where we hobnobbed with the genial book purveyor, Alf Harcourt. Gabrielle d'Annunzio is rumored, vide the recent inventory of his wardrobe in a law suit, to possess 72 silk shirts, 144 pairs of silk socks, 96 pairs of gloves, 240 silk handkerchiefs, 150 ties, 8 umbrellas and 10 parasols. So that charming Hartford bookseller, Edwin Valentine Mitchell, records in his *Book Notes*. There is no one quite like Gabrielle!

And we should have acknowledged a month ago E. Sinclair Hertel's sending us a copy of *The Catholic Churchman* containing his article on the "Minor Saints of September." Our favorite September Minor Saint, we decide, is S. Theodore of Tarsus, who "brought the English monastic education up to date by introducing literary, metrical and musical studies" in the seventh century. And, oh dear!—we should have mentioned the proposed O. Henry Memorial in Asheville. Mr. F. Roger Miller, manager of the memorial, has written that the suggestion of old Bob Davis has been adopted and approved by the Asheville Chamber of Commerce, the Mayor, the City Commissioners and the Public Library Board. Davis's suggestion was that in the new library in Asheville, which is building, a room be filled with works of fiction by American authors, these books to be contributed by the authors themselves in the name of O. Henry. He specified:

Every American novelist and short story writer whose name appears on a bound volume will send a copy of his book to the O. Henry Memorial in Asheville and be glad of the opportunity. The people of your city and other cities will come to that library and read those books. There is a strong probability that on the flyleaf of every volume donated the author will write something about O. Henry which will be worth remembering. Ultimately, the finest collection of American fiction will be housed in Asheville where the Pilgrims, seeking an O. Henry shrine, would find their heart's desire gratified. It is not a difficult matter to get in touch with the writer folk of this country. I am certain the Chamber of Commerce of Asheville will take the necessary steps. When they know what your committee intends to do they will come in automatically and the Asheville Memorial to William Sydney Porter will become an American institution while he who is responsible for it all sleeps peacefully under the stone that marks his last resting place on the edge of the city.

If the space available in the new library building is not sufficient, the city of Asheville will erect a separate building to be used exclusively for the O. Henry Memorial.

We wonder whether Schuyler B. Jackson, many of whose books of poetry we have annexed second-hand, will tell us how "The Open Road Press" progresses, an endowed institution whose books were to be printed by William Edwin Rudge of Mount Vernon. Thank you, John A. Tennant, for the information that Montgomery Carmichael's "Christopher and Cressida" was published in London by MacDonald & Evans at the end of September. We have not been able to supply an answer to Clinton C. Conrad. We, too, leave the issue to Gordon! He Who Was Slapped by Mr. Harry Hansen for writing "Rue with a Difference" feels now that the title of his opus should have been "Stew with a Difference" and takes the time to tell us so. Harry Kemp is plunging into the little theatre movement this fall and starting "The Poet's Theatre"—one frankly dedicated to poetic drama, though, says Harry, it need not necessarily be in verse. Valentine Williams, the handsome author of the "Clubfoot Stories" is now in this country. Nalbro Bartley is now substituting Utica for Europe. The Neighborhood Book-Shops of 922 Madison Avenue, have sent us a charming circular. Tom Daly wrote a great poem on "The Passing of Dooner's" which he recited last June at the quarterly meeting of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—but we have just got round to recording the fact. George Sylvester Viereck sends us Little Blue Books 578 and 579, full of his poems. George says he could probably fill two more books with material of equal merit. We believe him. Published in London is "The Soul of Wit," a choice of English Verse Epigrams and Jack Squire lays them in clutches—six of Jack's Epigrams to one of Coventry Patmore's.

A week from today, we hear, Will Beebe will talk at the Town Hall on his expedition to Galapagos, and his work at the laboratory at Kartalo, British Guiana. Also he will touch upon his plans for the new expedition to the Sargasso Sea and the West Coast of Africa, where, he says, troops of baboons raid the native villages regularly, driving the natives to go to sea in canoes. He plans to show interesting movies. Commuters, they say, are all reading Mark Twain's Autobiography. Countee P. Cullen is a negro poet of Harlem who has been appearing in all the magazines recently. The Centaur Book Shop is publishing the fifth of the Centaur Bibliographies, "Carl Van Vechten" by Scott Cunningham. December 1st appears "Morte" the first volume of poetry by Mrs. Ben Hecht. Pascal Covici, the publisher, calls these prose poems "beautiful and perverse." Vincent Starrett's poems, "Flame and Dust" are also coming out. Charles Merz is now an ornament of the World. Donn Byrne has been looking at Monte Carlo and is going to Italy. We acknowledge a new letter from Alberto E. Kerrigan, our Muddy River correspondent, and hope soon to get a chance to read it.

We also acknowledge two new magazines, *The Commonwealth*, a weekly, edited by Michael Williams,—the first number of a new Catholic periodical presenting a leading article by Chesterton,—and *The Guardian*, a new literary vehicle from Philadelphia, specializing in Hebrew. And 20, farewell! W. R. B.

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